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FATE.

BY M. U. T.

There were lamps and the odor of blossoms,
The whirl of the waltz, and the beat
Of instruments turned to feet dancing;
There were vows and responses sweet;
And into the chaos of color
My heart went seeking a face
That floated amid the gay dancers
Like a rose blown free in its grace.

A glimpse of gold tresses uncoiling,
A glimpse of stars that were eyes;
A sigh from a rose mouth soft parted,
A smile sweet with mute melodies;
And my heart wild whirled with the waltzers,
And misty the lamps paled, and far
The music receded, like straining
Of wave o'er an ocean's gray bar.

"You are sad," laughed a voice. "Come, be merry,
Gay life is fleeting at best;
If you carry a heart in your bosom
Get rid of it, friend, with a zest."
But ever the music moaned by me,
And ever the face floated fair,
And ever I knew that a siren
Had lured me to follow fore'er.

The lamps went out with the morning;
The warm odors drifted away;
The music was hushed, and the dancers
In dreams of its melody lay;
But e'er, like a beautiful phantom,
The face, in my path, moved in flight,
And ever I follow its circling
From dawn 'till the dusk of the night.

And subtly it 'scapes from my grasping,
Like a dream a soul woos to stay;
And ever I feel, in mad clasping,
A shadow thin, bloodless and gray;
'Till I cry, in despair: "O, face fairest,
Let me [illegible] but once to my bosom,
And death may whirl wild in his dance!

WON AT LAST;

—OR,—

Love's Strategy.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

And whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for any fate.
—Moore.

ALMOST for the first time in my life I was quite alone; my face, my name, my history unknown to all around me. I never had sister or brother, my parents died when I was an infant, but my aunt Mrs. Erlecote adopted me, and had in every way been kind and good as my own mother would have been;—kind in every instance—save one; and this one act of hers had driven me from her luxurious home to the solitude of a London coffee-house, where I found myself utterly alone.

Has the world such another panorama to show as London Bridge? The coffee house, where for the time I had sought a home, overlooked it. I do not know why I had chosen so noisy and bustling a spot. Some instinct led me there. I asked for a private sitting room at the house, and was told that there was a drawing room for the use of ladies, and I was shown into it

I remember every detail of that apartment so well; it was a large, cheerful room, containing plenty of sofas and easy chairs, a round table upon which were spread papers and periodicals of every description. Though the weather was not cold, a bright fire burned in the grate.

The room, to my great relief, was empty, and I drew a chair to the window and sat down to think.

The thousands of people that passed by! I never looked at the omnibuses, the carriages, the carts, the cabs, the drays, or the wagons; it was the living stream of men and women that drew my attentions so forcibly. Can anything be more suggestive of thought than watching a busy ever moving, ever-changing crowd?—to remember that each one, strange and unknown to you, is the centre of a little world of his own, each one has had his tragedy, his story, his struggles, his hopes and fears. Some of those faces upon which you gaze tell their own story of sorrow nobly battled with, some will go on smiling until the end of life, others are even now in the shadow of death.

If you wish to enlarge your heart, to open it wide to all human sympathy and kindness, go and watch a busy crowd; there is no surer way.

As I sat and gazed, my own little sorrow and trial seemed to shrink away until it became a mere nothing. After all I had much to be thankful for,—glowing health, an active and vigorous mind, talents that had been well cultivated, and a face that my glass told me would bear inspection. I saw the blind, the lame, the deformed, the old, and the invalids, and then a warm rush of gratitude filled my heart. My burden was light indeed, compared to any of these.

I am not the heroine of my own story, dear reader; but if you will allow me to introduce myself to you, it will be easier for me to relate the strange story I have to tell

My name (it is changed now) was in the days of which I write Marian Erlecote. At the death of my parents I was adopted by the only relative I had living, the widow of my father's eldest brother, Mrs. Erlecote. She had never been a beauty or a belle, but she was wealthy and fashionable.

She had no children, and was, I believe, glad to have some one to whom she could bequeath her fortune.

Many suitors had tried to persuade Mrs. Erlecote to marry again, but she remained faithful to the memory of a husband she had loved most dearly.

My aunt was very kind to me, she sent me to the best schools in London and Paris; at seventeen I became her companion. Then our first quarrel arose.

For three years we were very happy together; I went everywhere with her, no mother could have been kinder or more liberal than was my aunt.

The rock upon which we split was my marriage. I can see now that I did wrong. If the time could return I should act very differently.

I had two lovers; one was Lionel Rivers, a young barrister, just beginning his battle with the world; the other was a wealthy old baronet, Sir Wilton Graham. I need hardly say I loved Lionel. We were betrothed, and my aunt would insist upon my breaking my engagement and receiving the addresses of her friend, Sir Wilton. I would not hear of it, I would not have broken faith with Lionel to have become an empress. So we quarreled, and my aunt in a moment of great irritation reproached me with the benefits she had conferred upon me.

I know now that she did not mean it, that she loved me as though I had been her own daughter; but my pride was aroused; hot, angry feelings blinded me and obscured my reason; I imagined that she was tired of feeding and clothing me, so I left her.

Never shall I forget the expression of her face when an hour after our bitter dispute I went to her as she was seated in the drawing room, dressed in my travelling cloak my trunks all packed, the little money I possessed in my purse, ready to go out into the wide world, I neither knew nor cared where.

"Marian, child!" she exclaimed, "where are you going?"

"I am going to leave you, aunt," I replied. "You have flung in my face the benefits you have conferred upon me. I will have no more of them."

"But you must not leave me," she said, hastily. "What will the world say?"

Those few words decided the question. If she had said she was sorry, or have said I must not leave her because she loved me, my pride would have melted away before her love, and this story would never have been told; but as to what the world would say, because Marian Erlecote would no longer eat the bread of dependence, I did not care one iota.

"Tell the world, aunt, what you have this morning told me," I replied. "No one will wonder, then, that I preferred working for myself."

"What do you mean to do?" she asked, angrily.

"I shall go into lodgings somewhere until I can find a situation either as governess or companion," I replied. "I will never, aunt, break bread in your house again."

"I never wish you to do so," was the cool, somewhat contemptuous retort; and so we parted.

How wrong it was! How proud and haughty I felt! I have since been heartily sorry for it all.

I sent for a cab, and ordered my boxes to be placed on it, and when the man asked me where I was to drive, I looked at him in utter bewilderment; I literally knew of no place where I could seek shelter.

"London Bridge Railway Station," I said at last.

The man bowed, mounted his box, and in two more minutes I had left the only home I had ever known. I was too angry and proud to shed any tears as I looked my last upon it.

I left my boxes in the booking-office at London Bridge, and then went out to seek for lodgings. The first place that drew my attention was a large and very respectable-looking coffee house. I entered, and found every comfort that I could desire.

When I was tired of gazing upon the busy crowd, and the night was beginning to grow dark, I turned from the window to the table, where the books and papers lay scattered. I looked at them listlessly, my thoughts were busy with my aunt and my old home

The Times lay just before my eyes. I took it up, and began mechanically to read it. Suddenly I bethought me of the advertisements, and, turning to them, began in good earnest to read.

"Of course," I thought to myself, "this is how I must find a situation. I must answer the advertisements over and over again until I get a favorable reply from one or other of them."

The first page was very unsatisfactory; there was nothing at all to interest me; but on the second leaf I found an advertisement that startled me. It was as follows:

"Wanted, a lady as companion to a young lady residing in the country. She must be well educated, highly accomplished, and of agreeable manners. As the situation is one of extreme quiet and seclusion, only those who prefer a very retired life need reply. The salary is liberal, and the home comfortable. Apply personally on Wednesday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, to Mr. Wilson, Solicitor, Chancery Lane."

"The very thing for me," I said to myself, "if I can but obtain it."

The next day was Wednesday, and I determined to go and try if there was any chance for me.

On the following morning I dressed myself with great care, and at eleven o'clock I found myself in the dull and somewhat dreary vicinity of Chancery Lane.

I went at once to the number indicated. To my surprise, I saw several ladies who had evidently come upon the same errand as myself.

We were all shown into a kind of anteroom, barely furnished. Cocoa nut matting on the floor, a large oak table covered with green baize, upon which reposed some very dusty-looking law books, a few chairs quite innocent of all polish, and a green wire blind completed the list of adornments. We sat for some time in silent expectation. It was an amusing scene; the ladies numbered fifteen; some looked cross and snappish, others bright and hopeful. Long years of drudgery, but ill recompensed, had taken the brightness from those worn faces. They seemed all to conspire in watching me; then for the first time I became aware that my dress was too elegant for the errand I was upon; the rustling silk and the costly velvet mantle were plain, put they were of the most expensive kind. The many eyes that rested upon me seemed to say so, and to wonder what brought me there.

Our meditations were cut short by the entrance of the clerk, who said that Mr. Wilson was ready to receive us. After some debate, it was arranged that we should go one after the other, in the order in which we were sitting. That point, which the ladies seemed to consider a very important one, being settled, the first of our little party left us with a very self satisfied smile, evidently doubting little but that she would be the chosen one. Of what took place at the interview held with others, I cannot speak. It came at last to my turn. With a heart vibrating between hope and fear, and filled with a hundred new sensations, I was ushered into Mr. Wilson's presence. I found an elderly gentleman with a shrewd, yet benevolent face, lighted up by the keenest, brightest eyes I ever beheld—eyes before which it was impossible to withhold the truth. They pierced me through, and seemed to lay bare every thought and feeling. He bowed when I entered. I said I had called respecting the advertisement; he leaned back in his chair, as though slightly wearied of the subject.

"I may as well tell you," he said at last, "that I have not been able to come to any arrangement with the ladies I have had the honor of seeing."

"I should imagine that," I quickly replied, "from the fact of your wishing to see more."

He smiled, and fixed those penetrating eyes upon me, and continued:

"I need not say that I am in this affair acting for an esteemed client of mine whose name, for various reasons, I do not mention. The situation is an easy, but excessively dull one."

"Can you tell me its duties?" I asked.

"There are few," he replied. "A companion is required for a young lady, who resides alone in a large mansion in one of the dreariest parts of the coast of Cornwall."

"Is she an invalid, or is she insane?" I asked.

"Neither," was the curt reply. "The old housekeeper, who was once, I believe, the young lady's nurse, takes all the responsibility of household management. There are three other servants, and a carriage placed at the disposal of the mistress of the house and the lady who resides with her. You will have nothing to do except make yourself an agreeable and pleasant companion."

"It seems very strange," I remarked musingly.

"In what way?" asked Mr. Wilson, somewhat brusquely.

"Young ladies do not generally live so entirely alone," I replied.

"This is a peculiar case," he said, gravely; "there are peculiar circumstances attending it. I assure you that the young lady is not only highly respectable, but she belongs to a very noble family. You have my assurance of that; it rests with yourself to take the situation or not. Judging from your appearance, I should imagine you qualified to fill it."

I bowed, and he continued:

"The salary is very liberal, the duties are light; but I'm bound to tell you that nothing can exceed the dullness of the life you will lead there. The house stands quite alone; there are no visitors to enliven its gloom. You will have no society whatever."

"Is there a piano in the house?" I asked, abruptly.

"I cannot say," he replied; "but if there should not be, you can have one of the finest instruments in London. I am fully authorized to provide everything wished for."

"Does the lady subscribe for 'Mudie's?'" I inquired.

"I must once more plead ignorance," said Mr. Wilson; "if books are required, there need be no consideration of expense."

"Then I accept the situation," I said. "I should not mind if it were twice as dull. Where there are plenty of books and music, no place can be gloomy to me."

Mr. Wilson looked much relieved.

"I am authorized to offer you one hundred pounds per annum," he said; "and if that is not sufficient, you have but to name the amount you require."

"That will do," I replied; "money is not the principal object with me."

"Have you any references?" he asked. "Did you ever hold a similar situation before?"

"Never," I said, smiling at the idea of the wealthy and fashionable Erlecote seeking a reference. "It is better to be quite frank with you," I continued. "I have left my home on account of having had a serious quarrel with my aunt, who adopted me. I intend to work hard for my living; and if you intrust duties to me, they shall be faithfully carried out."

Mr. Wilson looked anxious.

"I should much prefer your trusting me with your history and name," he continued.

"I will do so, on one condition," I replied—"that is, if you will give me your word not to betray me, and not to mention my real name to your client; there will be no need for it, if you are satisfied yourself."

"I give you that promise," he said. And then I told him who I was. As I anticipated, he knew my aunt's name well.

"As I do not wish the place of my residence to be known, or my relationship to Mrs. Erlecote," I said, "I shall call myself by mother's name, which is also my own, Linden; my name is Marian Linden Erlecote."

He bowed much more deferentially to Miss Erlecote than he had done to the nameless governess.

"You will change your mind some day, and return home," he said; "in the meantime a visit to Cornwall will be perhaps an agreeable change."

"I shall never return to Mrs. Erlecote's house," I answered; and I knew in my own mind that some years must elapse before Lionel could make a home for me. "When am I to go, Mr. Wilson?" I asked.

"As soon as possible," he replied. "The lady who has for the last three years filled the situation, died, I am sorry to say, here in London a week since. She came to town on business, and died suddenly at the hotel where she was staying. She had long been suffering from heart disease, but would not leave the young lady whom I may call my ward."

His face grew grave and anxious as he spoke.

"There is a mystery here," I thought to myself. "I wonder what it is?"

"You have not told me yet," I said, "the name of the lady, or of the place."

"True," he replied. "Do you know Cornwall at all, Miss Linden?"

"No, I never was in the county of Tre, Pol, and Pen," I replied.

"You will go by rail to a town called Porthren," he said. "You will find some good hotels there; at one of them take a fly to the village of Tremarthen, situated on the coast. Half a mile from there stands Ingledew House, the place of your destination."

"And the name of the lady?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, carelessly, "she is not known there. Mrs. Dean the housekeeper, does all the business. You had better inquire for her. Miss Linden, may I give you one caution?"

"More, if you like, sir," I answered smiling at his gravity.

"It is this," said he—"do not be offended—ask no questions of any one about Ingledew House; there is a little secret, which for the present had better be kept, but there is no crime, no mystery, no disgrace. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly so," I said, frankly: "and now tell me when you wish me to start?"

"If you can conveniently do so, I should like you to go to morrow," he replied. "My ward is quite alone. Your expenses will all be paid. I will give you, if you will allow me, a cheque that will amply cover all necessary outlay. It is customary, I believe, in these cases."

He gave me, not a cheque, as I told him I did not want the trouble of cashing it, but a bank note for five pounds. He would have given me more, but I assured him that that, with the money I had, would be quite sufficient for my expenses.

"If at any time," he said, as I was leaving the office, "you wish for anything that will increase the comfort or add to the happiness of my ward, remember, Miss Linden, you have but to write to me. Money is no object. Be as liberal in your wishes for her as you choose."

He shook hands heartily with me when we parted, and I returned to my lodgings feeling very much as though I were moving in a dream, it was all so new and strange. Only two days ago I was the petted niece and supposed heiress of a wealthy aunt; now I was the engaged companion of some mysterious lady dwelling on the lonely shore of Cornwall, and who seemed to have no other name that of "my ward."

I knew as well as possible that the astute old lawyer would go that very evening in some guise or other to my aunt's house to discover if my story were true or not. I smiled as I sung to myself my favorite words—

"Whatever sky's above
Here's a heart for every fate."

"Now for Cornwall and its mysteries," I said, as I tripped gaily up the stairs to my own little room.

Already my past life had begun to be of less interest than the present. I wrote to Lionel and told him what I had done. I intended to post the letter just as I was leaving London, so that he would not be able to persuade me to return home. My mind was so firmly fixed upon following up the adventure I had begun, that if my aunt herself had come with every promise of love and wealth, she could not have turned me from the path I intended to pursue.

During the day I made a few necessary purchases. My dresses were all far too elegant and costly for my present condition. I bought some plain ones that could excite no remark. On the Thursday morning I started on my long journey to Cornwall.

It was noon on Friday when I reached the town of Porthern. I went to one of the principal hotels, and there engaged a fly to convey me to Tremarthen. True to the caution given me I made no inquiries, although I was sorely tempted to do so. A long drive through a dreary barren country brought me to the village: there I could plainly hear in the distance the booming of the waves as they broke upon the shore.

The driver stopped, and asked where he was to wait. I told him to drive on to Ingledew House. I was going to stay there. He looked surprised, then gravely resumed his seat, and in another quarter of an hour I stood at the door of Ingledew House.

Well might Mr. Wilson say the situation was dull. There was no trace of any human habitation near; no gay song from the birds no music of children's voices, no trees or flowers enlivened the scene. The House was a stately one, built of old grey stone. Irregular in design, it belonged to no particular order of architecture; it was a quaint and picturesque; but how could anyone who loved this fair bright world have chosen a spot so desolate upon which to build a house! Still the scene had a certain grand beauty of its own. The front of the house faced a vast expanse of water; at the back there seemed to be nothing but a wild moor. The splashing of the waves was the only sound that broke the perfect and indescribable silence that reigned around.

I rang the bell at the hall door, and almost shuddered as I heard the loud clanging sound; after an interval of some minutes, an elderly man, whom I imagined to be a kind of butler or steward, opened it. He did not seem surprised to see me, but bowed very respectfully.

"You are the lady from London, ma'am?" he said, half inquiringly.

"Yes," I replied. "I am expected, without doubt."

"Please walk this way," said he. "I will settle with the driver."

I followed my conductor through a long and noble hall; he threw open a door and ushered me into a drawing room of magnificent proportions, and sumptuously furnished. I saw both piano and harp. The sight somewhat reassured me. The butler, for I was right in my surmise, withdrew, and returned in a few minutes, accompanied by a stately old lady who wore a very stiff rustling black silk dress, and the whitest of caps. She held an open letter in her hand. She bowed very respectfully, and approaching me said, "Mr. Wilson wrote to me, ma'am, and told me to have everything in readiness for you. I am Mrs. Dean, the housekeeper."

"Thank you," I said. "I should like to be shown to my room, and have my boxes carried there."

"I have taken the liberty of lighting a fire for you," said the old lady—"it is always cold here—and thinking you might like to take a little refreshment at your ease, I prepared tea in your own room."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Dean," I replied, gratefully; "I am tired and cold. When shall I see your lady? I do not know her name."

"Perhaps this evening," was the cautious answer; "or if you would like to rest for the remainder of the day, I will show you over the house to morrow morning. If my mistress should wish to see you, I will take the liberty of coming to you."

"Thank you," I said once more; "a few hours' rest will be most agreeable."

"I will show you your room, Miss Linden," said the housekeeper, looking again at the letter to see if the name was right.

If the exterior of the house surprised me, I was still less prepared for the magnificence of the interior; the marble staircase, the rare pictures, the exquisite statues, the thick, soft, costly carpets, the beautiful furniture, exceeded in elegance most of the London mansions with which I was familiar. My room was on the second floor, but a more perfect picture of comfort I never saw. It was so bright and cheerful, it seemed to smile as I entered it. The little fire glowed in the grate, and before it was placed a stand upon which was a tea tray laden with delicacies.

"I thought you would like something substantial after your journey," said good Mrs. Dean, "so I ordered a cold chicken and some ham to be brought up. When you want anything, miss, will you please to ring? My niece Nancy will wait upon you."

The housekeeper went away, and I was left to wonder and dream as I would. The facts before me were pleasant enough. The easy chair looked very inviting, the little kettle was singing and the ham and chicken seemed to say "come and eat me." My room was stored with comforts—drawers and wardrobes, where any number of dresses could be safely stowed away. I hastily unpacked my trunks, arranged my things in their various receptacles, and then selecting one of the numerous volumes I had brought with me, I sat down to my solitary but cheerful tea.

There seemed to be no noise in the house. I heard the occasional opening and closing of doors, and I could hear the distant murmur of the sea, all else was profoundly still.

I could not help feeling in some slight degree like a state prisoner. I did not like to quit my room until some one requested me to do so. My book, however, was an interesting one, and I soon became engrossed in it, only waking every now and then to smile at my odd situation. I was certainly in the heart of the mystery now. It is not every one going out to do battle with the world who meets with so much comfort as was prepared for me. I thought it rather strange that the lady of the house had not welcomed me.

Thinking, wondering, dreaming, and, above all, very tired, I dropped into a profound slumber. How long it lasted I know not, when I was aroused by the old housekeeper's kind voice, saying, "Poor dear young lady, you are wearied to death. Let me help you undress, you can see my lady in the morning."

CHAPTER II.

Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
Should live alone and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls and hangings?

TRAGEDY OF VALENTINIAN.

MY first feeling on awakening the following morning was one of intense curiosity concerning the lady whose companion I was to be. What she was like, and who she was, and why she lived there, formed the several subjects for my meditation. I was pleased, and yet half timid, when, after breakfast, Mrs. Dean came with her lady's compliments, and "would I join her in the library?"

"Where shall I find the library, Mrs. Dean?" I asked, inwardly hoping it might be well stored with books.

"I will show you the way there, miss," she replied. "My lady always uses that room—she seldom sits in any other."

I noticed that whenever the housekeeper spoke of her mistress, she used the term "my lady." I thought she did so to avoid giving any other name.

I followed my conductor down the wide staircase, and through many long and, it seemed to me, intricate passages, until we arrived at the door of the room. Certainly if the lady loved solitude and silence, she did well to choose the library for her sitting-room. It must have been contrived by a misanthropist. It was away from all the noise of the house, and could only be reached by going through what was called the long corridor. A heavy curtain of velvet hung before the door; the carpet on the floor was so thick and soft, it was impossible to hear a footstep. There was nothing visible from the window but a waste of angry waters. Sitting there alone, one seemed to be out of the world.

A musical voice, in a listless, languid tone, said, "Come in," in answer to the housekeeper's gentle rap at the door. I entered alone—and certainly a stranger sight never greeted any eyes than the one upon which I gazed. The window of the room was an old-fashioned one—a deep bay window, such as is seen sometimes in old English mansions. From it nothing but the restless waves could be seen. The recess of the window was filled with Turkish cushions. Even in that moment I could not help noting the costly velvet covering. On them lay, or rather reclined, a young girl. Her very attitude spoke more plainly than any words could have done of languid weariness. She did not move as I entered. Her eyes were fixed upon the wild waters—they were dark, and full of a dreamy sadness, painful to witness in one so young. She seemed to be perfectly unoccupied. Her small white hands lay listlessly on the cushion.

"What is it, Mrs. Dean?" she said, without moving her head.

"It is not Mrs. Dean," I replied. "I am Miss Linden. I was told you wished to see me."

"I sincerely beg your pardon," she said, starting up like one electrified. "You must think me very rude. I thought it was the housekeeper, come to tease me about dinner."

"I should not have intruded, but Mrs. Dean told me you wished to see me," I replied somewhat piqued.

"Ah, true," she said, sinking down again on the cushion, the light dying out of her face, and the weary look coming back again. "I hope you will excuse me, but indeed I had forgotten it."

I smiled at the very candid confession. I had not evidently to deal with a woman of the world.

"Why do you smile?" she asked, abruptly.

"I was merely thinking," I replied, "that if I had been in your place, expecting a companion in my solitude, how intensely curious I should have been for the first look at her."

"Were you curious to see me?" she asked motioning to me to take one of her favorite cushions.

"I was indeed," I replied, frankly.

"I should almost like to ask you what you think of me now that you do see me," she said, with a wistful look.

"If you ask me that question in another year's time, I will answer it," I said.

"Another year!" she replied, with a sigh; "oh these weary, weary years, how I wish they were all ended, or had never begun for me at least!"

I looked at her in some surprise, and right glad I felt that she had not pressed the question as to what I thought of her. I could not have answered it truthfully without offence. She was tall and slender, but not, I should imagine, much more than eighteen, she had most beautiful hands and arms, white and shapely, the contour of her neck and shoulders was exquisitely graceful. Her eyes were superb, so dark, so full of a golden dreamy light, and the white lids were fringed with the darkest, longest eyelashes, which gave a peculiar effect to her face. There my praise must cease. She had a mass of raven hair, but it was worn over her brow, and was so ungracefully disposed of that it disfigured rather than ornamented her. The face was one that gave promise of rare loveliness, but it was pale and dull, no soul, no eloquence, no sensibility in it. The lips were beautifully sweet, yet haughty, but the expression of sullen gloom spoiled all. The very outlines of her graceful figure were lost in the shapeless drapery of her dress. I saw before me a young girl, "standing in the brook where womanhood and childhood meet," but while she had lost the the beauty of the child, she had not gained the beauty of the woman. In another year's time, when the mind should speak in the face, when the gloom and cloud that obscured its brightness should have disappeared, when the chiseled lips should smile and sing, when the wealth of hair should crown the exquisitely shaped head, I knew she would be a magnificently beautiful woman. At present she was but a plain, though graceful girl. One thing struck me very much; that was the musical tone of her voice—to my thinking, one of the greatest charms a woman can have. All this time I had been intently studying her. She had resumed her passive, listless attitude, and did not seem inclined to speak again.

"Is there anything you would like me to do for you?" I said, gently. "Shall I read to you?"

"No, thank you," she replied. "I never read."

"Shall I play or sing to you?" I asked. "I see you have both harp and piano."

"I know nothing of either," was the reply.

"Would you like a walk?" I continued. "The tide is coming in, or if you like drawing, shall we begin some sketches?"

"I never touched a pencil in my life," she answered, sadly, not petulantly. "You should not let your eyes speak so plainly," she continued; "they are positively asking me what I can, and what I do, do."

"I am afraid I was thinking so," I said, with slight blush.

"I will tell you," she said. "I do nothing, but simply let time eat away my life, while my own heart eats itself away. Miss Linden," she added, passionately, "it will be better for us to understand each other at first. You are sent here to be my companion against my wish. I do not desire it I am utterly miserable. I have no interest in life, and nothing can give me any. I should have been dead long ago, but that anger keeps my heart alive. I spend my time watching those waters, and thinking hard bitter thoughts. Do not try to change me. Let me remain as I am. Make yourself happy, have everything you like and want, but let me be alone, as though I were dead. I wish I were, and then I should not be in the way."

I began to perceive that I had to deal with a mind embittered and diseased, how I knew not.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miss Emma Brockett, daughter of Professor Brockett, of Western Maryland College, was married recently to a student of the college. The young man had had an encounter with a rival, and as a result been arrested, locked up, and afterward expelled from the institution and sent to his home in charge of a constable. When within a short distance of his residence the young man bade his custodian good bye, but instead of continuing to his home, he retraced his course and returned ahead of the constable. So well did the student plead his cause, that the objections previously made to the union were withdrawn, and on the same day the marriage was celebrated.

Among the twenty-three converts which Bishop Whipple recently confirmed at St. Paul, Minn., were twelve Indians.

Rag picking is followed by more than 18,000 persons in Paris and its suburbs.

THE MOURNFUL MINSTREL.

BY A. W.

The Minstrel had a harp that rang
  Attuned to bold, triumphant words;
The wild-flower blossomed where he sang,
  Or watch fire glinted bright on swords.
Of beauteous dames and puissant lords
  He caroled many a lithsome lay;
But now, howe'er he strikes the chords,
  Each ditty ends in "Well-a-day!"—
  The burthen still is "Well-a-day!"

He sings of War—impetuous foes
  Like thunder-clouds resounding meet,
But ever at the conflict's close
  His harp seems wailing for defeat.
Of Love he sings a prelude sweet
  As Zephyrs pipe to buds of May;
But Autumn winds regretful beat
  Their cadence soon of "Well-a-day!"—
  Love ends, like war, in "Well-a-day!"

Far echoed Pride's imperious tone,
  High soared Devotion's voice divine;
Now dirges falter round the throne,
  And Prayer sinks sobbing at the shrine.
Bathe Nature's bloom, Art's deft design,
  In melancholy strains decay;
Life's early light has ceased to shine,
  And darkness falls with "Well-a-day!"—
  Night comes to mate with "Well-a-day!"

And while thus chants that Minstrel strange,
  Of strength or wisdom, grace or gold,
Interpreting each mournful change,
  A scythe beside him I behold;
The mists that wrapped his form unfold
  A sand-glass dim, a forelock gray;
Ah! now I know that harper old,
  'Tis Time who's singing, "Well-a-day!"—
  Time's old, and singeth, "Well-a-day!"

A Farmer's Wife.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

QUITE an interested and anxious group had gathered in Mrs. Wilson's dressing-room one pleasant morning in June.

It consisted of Mrs. Wilson and her three unmarried daughters, and the subject under such animated and anxious discussion was how and where they should open their usual summer campaign.

Mrs. Wilson looked with dismay upon the finery spread out before her, after listening to the above assertion.

"There's one thing certain," said Lucy, "we've got to have at least one new dress."

"I don't know where it is coming from, then," responded Mrs. Wilson, sinking wearily into a chair. "It was as much as I could do to get your papa to consent to your going at all. It was two o'clock this morning before he gave in, and then I verily believe, it was from pure weariness, and inability to keep awake any longer."

Mrs Wilson said this with the air of a woman determined to perform her duty at all hazards, and anxious to obtain credit for the same.

But it seemed to have quite the contrary effect upon Josie, the youngest daughter, who had not before spoken, but who now burst forth:

"Well now, I declare if it isn't a sin and a shame, mamma, for you to worry papa so!"

Mrs. Wilson cast a reproachful look upon the speaker.

"I will say, Josie, that you are the most ungrateful child I ever saw. I'd like to know how much money I would get out of your father if I didn't worry it out. But that's all the thanks I get for lying awake nights scheming and planning how to give you a chance to get settled in life."

"I'd thank you for not doing so. I'm not going. In the first place, I know that papa can't afford it; and then I promised Mary Crofton that I would surely visit her this summer."

Though Mrs. Wilson affected to be displeased at this announcement, she was secretly relieved.

Belle and Lucy were very well suited with this arrangement, too. Josie was very handy at furbishing up and making over, and if she was determined to bury herself in a country farmhouse, she would not need to do so much of that for herself, and could, therefore, devote more time to them. And so busy did they keep her during the two weeks that followed, that Josie was glad enough to see the trunks all packed and waiting in the hall.

But they were gone at last, and Josie was at liberty to make her own simple preparation, which did not take her long to complete.

The father and daughter had a quiet tea together. Josie was going on the morrow, and, sitting opposite him, pouring out his tea, she saw the hard lines soften in his care-worn face, and how happy he was in her society, her heart reproached her for leaving him.

"I've half a mind not to go, papa; it seems to bad to leave you here all by yourself."

But Mr. Wilson wouldn't hear of anything of the kind.

"I insist on your going," he said; "you have been working hard, and need a change. My life would be much the same way."

"You may expect me in three weeks, papa," smiled Josie, from the carriage window, the next morning. "You'll want your little housekeeper by that time, I know."

And Mr. Wilson went back to the corroding anxieties which had made him an old man before his time, thanking God for this bit of sunshine, and which left its glow in the heart long after it had vanished.

There were only a few passengers for Baybridge, a small country town, though there were the usual loungers upon the platform of the station, as Josie stepped off. But they soon scattered, leaving her to stare blankly around for the conveyance that she supposed would be waiting for her.

She walked round the station, looking in every direction, but not a vehicle was in sight, except a rough wagon with a board across it, drawn by a spirited pair of black horses, who stamped their feet and tossed their heads as if impatient to be off.

A man stood close beside the restive creatures, who yet seemed to be under perfect control.

"There, Jenny! Be easy, Kate!" he said, patting the satin smooth skin, and speaking very much as a mother would to a child.

The station-master was standing near a pile of baggage.

"Is this your trunk, Miss," he said, as Josie approached him.

"Yes; I was expecting friends to meet me, but they are not here. There must be some mistake"

"I know most of the people round here. What might their name be?"

"Crofton," answered Josie.

"Why, bless me, you've got off at the wrong station. They live at North Baybridge, five miles beyond. It's too bad, I declare."

Then, as his eye fell upon the owner of the wagon, who was looking towards them, he added.

"Here's John Manning, their next neighbor. He can take you just as well as not. John, here's a young woman who has got off at the wrong station. She wants to go to Crofton's. I tell her that she can ride with you."

The young man removed his straw hat, revealing a forehead broad and full, and whose whiteness contrasted strongly with the healthful brown of the cheeks below."

"I should be very happy, if the young lady has no objection to riding with a farmer, and in a farmer's wagon."

The admiration so clearly visible in the honest blue eyes that met her own, made Josie's cheeks redden.

"If it will not be too much trouble," she said.

As the young man listened to those low, softly spoken words, he felt that nothing the speaker could ask would be any trouble at all.

He soon improvised a comfortable seat for Josie.

Glad to be released, Jennie and Kate bore them swiftly along the winding country road, dotted here and there by farmhouses, nestled down among the trees.

As soon as Josie got a little used to it she enjoyed her elevated and novel position, and which gave her a remarkably fine view of the beautiful country through which they were passing.

Her companion smiled at the enthusiastic exclamations, seeming to take pleasure in gratification so frankly and innocently expressed.

"Would you like to live in the country?" he said, stealing an admiring glance at the glad young face.

"Above all things," responded Josie. "That is," she added, after a moment's pause, "if papa could be here, too. I heard him say once that he wished he had never left it."

"I had a strong desire, when a boy to go to the city, where I could have a chance to get rich, and not have to work so hard; but I am an only son—an only child since last winter—"

Here the speaker's eyes saddened.

"I promised father, just before he died, that I wouldn't leave the farm while mother lived, and I don't know that I care to do so now."

"I wouldn't, if I were in your place," said Josie, with a wise shake of her pretty head.

"Why so?"

"It's dreadful hard times in the city; and as to working hard, I'd like to know who works harder than papa does; it's ever so much nicer here."

The honest young fellow, whose heart was in his eyes, inwardly hoped that she would always think so.

"There is where I live," he said, aloud, pointing to a house which looked very pleasant amid the green verdure that surrounded it.

Young Manning drew the reins at the gate, inside of which a pleasant faced, silver haired woman was standing.

"Here's the letters, mother," he said, tossing down to her some papers. "Have you been lonely? I'm going to take this young lady to Mr. Crofton's. My mother, Miss Wilson."

The young man took leave of Josie with a feeling at his heart such as he had never experienced before.

"How pretty she is!" he murmured to himself; "and as good as pretty, I am almost positive."

"What an extremely honest and pleasant face! I wonder if I shall ever see him again."

This was what she thought.

Josie did see him again, and often. The Mannings and Croftons were not only neighbors, but very intimate.

Mary Crofton had been strongly attached to Mrs. Manning's only daughter, who died the preceding winter. She spent a good deal of time at her house, and Josie frequently went with her.

Mary never wearied of praising John.

John soon got over his shyness with the city girl, who took so kindly to country ways that it seemed as if she had always lived there.

He used to walk home with her, Mary considerately lingering by the gate to talk with his mother, both well pleased at the turn affairs were taking.

And so the happy days went on, each day binding those young, loving hearts more closely together.

When Josie returned home—which was two weeks later than she intended—she had a pleasant story to whisper into her father's ear.

"If you love him, and he is worthy of you," he said in reply to the query with which it ended.

"You know you promised to live with me when I was married, papa," she whispered. "Won't it be delightful?"

Belle and Lucy returned home with that conscious air of subdued triumph and importance peculiar to "engaged young ladies."

Having attained the end and aim of their existence there was nothing further for them to hope or expect.

Belle's capture was a broker, owning a fabulous amount—in paper.

Lucy's was the son of a rich man, whose sole ambition seemed to be to spend as quietly as possible the money his father had labored hard to acquire.

They made no attempt to disguise their surprise and disdain when they heard of Josie's modest conquest.

'Only a farmer!" sniffed Mrs. Wilson 'Never did I dream that one of my daughters would stoop to that! But, I suppose, if you have your father's approval, you don't care for mine."

"Of course you can't expect us to visit you," said Belle, loftily. 'The connections of Charles Augustus are all of the highest character, and it couldn't be thought of."

"Certainly not!" echoed Lucy. "A wife has to take the position of her husband, which is something that you had better think of."

The financial disasters that followed made quite a change in the surroundings of all the above, with the exception of Josie and her husband.

Out of the wreck of Mr. Wilson's business nothing was left but honor and integrity.

His wife took their varied fortunes very hardly, fairly fretting herself into an untimely grave.

Penniless and unfitted for anything higher, the husbands of Belle and Lucy were glad to accept positions as clerks.

Josie does not see much of her sisters, but many a tub of butter finds its way to them from the Manning farm.

But almost every afternoon Mr. Wilson can be seen at the farmhouse, with a grandchild on either knee—the children of the daughter who married a farmer.

A Hartland, Niagara county, farmer who had been greatly troubled with the canker worm, has discovered an efficient remedy for the pest. He procured an ordinary force pump, a hose and finely perforated sprinkler attached to it, and with the apparatus placed on the top of a forty gallon cask filled with a solution of Paris green, he drove it into the orchard and began the work of destruction. The trees were literally alive with worms, a thorough sprinkling being required to reach them all, which was given. The result exceeded all anticipations, and although several examinations of the orchard have since been made, not a worm has been found.

A lighthouse keeper, near the mouth of the Potomac, has devised an ingenious plan for the slaughter of the ducks and geese which light on a sand bar near his station. He has a battery of twelve muskets firmly fastened to two heavy timbers, six above, and six below; these are heavily loaded and connected with the lighthouse by a long wire cable. As soon as he sees geese near enough he pulls his cable and explodes all his guns at once, and then takes his skiff and picks up the game. His most successful shot this year gave him thirty-three geese.

The practice of striking young girls on the soles of their feet in the Turkish Sultan's harem has been abandoned, but blows from the eunuchs in charge of them on other portions of their body with light rods are still allowed. All are required to dress in light clothing, half decolette being the rule, and in winter they are much exposed to colds and lung diseases.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE BRIDAL VEIL.—The use of the bridal veil has been traced back by some wise men to the Anglo Saxon custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held at each corner, by a tall man, over the bridegroom and bride, to conceal her virgin blushes; in the case of a widow, however, we are told that the veil was dispensed with. Orange blossoms, ever an inseparable part of bridal gear, are said to have been derived from the Saracens, or, at least, from the East, and are supposed to have been thus employed as emblems of fecundity. The wedding-ring is thought to be of heathen origin, which circumstance nearly caused its abolition during the Commonwealth.

A PURSE REVOLVER.—An ingenious German has recently invented a purse which contains a revolver in one of its divisions, so arranged that it can be fired with extreme readiness. The purse has the outward appearance of a somewhat thick portemonnaie, and the pistol is secured to the metal framework on the left hand side, when the muzzle is pointed forwards. On the right hand side are the ordinary pockets for money, and on the left hand side the purse opens in the same way to allow the pistol to be cleaned and loaded. By touching a spring in the framework a little trap door opens and discloses the muzzle, while at the same moment the trigger falls down from below. The revolver has five chambers, and carries small cartridges. The idea of the inventor is not only to afford a means of carrying a pistol without displaying it, but also that a thief might be shot in the very act of appearing to comply with his demand for money. The mechanism is simple, and the pistol, although concealed, can be levelled with sufficient accuracy for its purpose as a weapon of defence at close quarters. In order to fire rather a strong pull on the trigger is required, so that there is practically no danger of discharging the pistol accidentally when using the purse for its declared purposes.

HOW TO GET A DINNER.—A gentleman who had traveled about pretty extensively was greatly perplexed to understand how it was that other persons were waited upon promptly and well served at the hotels while he was almost entirely ignored and could scarcely obtain a square meal—comp'ain to the waiter as he might. At last his eyes were opened to the dodge of feeing the waiters liberally, and being of an ingenious turn of mind he determined to improve upon the plan. The next hotel he dined at he took his seat very promply at the table, and took out a well filled pocketbook, extracting therefrom a $10 bill, which he laid on the white cloth beside his plate, and placed his goblet upon it. In an instant, almost, he was surrounded by waiters, who seemed to vie with each other in attentions. Every wish was anticipated and all the delicacies of the kitchen and pantry were placed before him in temp'ing array. Having fared as sumptuously as a prince—to the envy of many of the guests—he took up the greenback and beckoning to the nearest waiter, was immediately besieged by half a dozen or so. Holding the bill in one hand, he pointed to it with the other and inquired of the crowd: 'Do you see that bill?" "Oh yes, sir!" they all exclaimed in chorus. "Then take a good look at it," he replied, "for you will never see it again." Saying which he departed, leaving the waiters aghast.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phœnicians language, signified something characteristic of the places which they designate. Europe signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa. Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain. Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic. Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Calabria, also, for the same reason. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its inhabitants. The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a ragged mountainous province in Scotland. Hibernia, or Ireland is utmost, or last habitation, for beyond this the westward Phœnicians never extended their voyages. Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician either white or high mountain, from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the western shore. Corsica signifies a woody place. Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles. Syracuse, bad favor, or so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood. Rhodes, serpents of dragons, which is produced in abundance. Sicily, the country of grapes. Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction. Ætna signifies a furnace, or dark or smoky.

ONCE AND TWICE.

BY R. T.

A Hindoo died; a happy thing to do,
When fifty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.
"Hast been through purgatory?" Brahma said,
"I have been married!" and he hung his head.
"Come in! come in! and welcome too my son!
Marriage and purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door,
And knew the bliss he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the gardens fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there,
The self same question Brahma asks again.
"Hast been through purgatory?" "No. What then?"
"Thou canst not enter!" did the god reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for all sin."
"Married? 'Tis well, for I've been married twice."
"Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise."

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX—[CONTINUED.]

HIS wife stood in horror struck surprise. "Arthur," said she, "can you doubt which to be!"

"Yes, I do doubt," he replied. "If there is a God, I call down his heaviest curses on the head of that false Spaniard! Don't touch me, Eveline; for though I never loved you, you are my wife, and my hand is not as stainless as yours."

"I will touch you, stainless or not. You are my husband," she said, throwing her arms round him; "let me be with you—let me share your danger and flight."

"And get me taken! No!" said Vivian, flinging her off. "I came here to get some of my property, not to cumber myself with a wife. I am going away; but whenever I want money I shall come to you. And now listen, and say if you want to go with me. I was a murderer when I married you! I stabbed that Spaniard because she knows it."

Eveline cowered on the floor, but still tried to clasp his hand. With a fierce oath he flung her back, and she sank senseless on the ground.

When she recovered she was alone, lying on the bed; and turning her face to the wall, the poor thing wept as if she would weep out her broken heart there; and then she lay still and quiet from the very exhaustion of grief.

The wife of a murderer! The word rang in her ears like a knell—the very silence of night rang with it—and then all her broken love rushed back on her heart, and died there. If he had uttered one kind word, or given her one kind look, she would still have clung to him, notwithstanding the wreck he had made her love; but he had not done so. He had trampled on her in every way, he had spurned her, crushed her, flung her away, and avowed with a sort of fierce, taunting cruelty, that he had wedded her with a red hand; and it was more than even woman's love could bear, and her love died—though it broke her heart in doing so.

She was startled by a knocking at the door, and a harsh voice crying, "Open the door, Eveline."

Trembling in every limb, the poor girl arose, and, opening the door, faced her father.

"I heard a man's voice here," he said roughly. "Don't lie, girl. Who was it? Who was it, I say?"

She dared not refuse to say, yet she feared to betray her husband by replying; but he grasped her arm, and with an oath bade her answer.

"It was Arthur," she faltered; "only Arthur!"

"Ha! the villian, was it!" exclaimed Stanfeld. "I have him at last."

He was springing away, but she flung her arms round him, and detained him.

"Father, father!" she cried; "you shall not leave here to——"

He was a passionate, vindictive man; and flinging off her arms with a fiercely passionate oath, he struck her—yes, struck his own daughter, the child of the dead wife whose heart he had broken.

"Oh, father! oh, father!" So she moaned and wrung her hands when he was gone. So she moaned in her despair and misery for many a long hour; but when the morning came she was gone, and there was only the following letter, which the servant gave to Stanfeld:

"The last tie is broken between you and me. You have always been harsh, always held me an incumbrance; and now that my husband has left me, the only link that bound me to Forest Moor is gone, and your own hand has snapped the last link which bound me to you. If ever we meet again it must be your seeking, not that of

EVELINE VIVIAN."

There were tear stains on this letter, but not a line to give a trace of her: probably she had followed her recreant husband. Dashing down the letter, Stanfeld put his foot on it, exclaiming, "Let her go! I hated her mother, and I hate her and her sister! All are well rid of—all are dead to me forever!"

And the echo of the old deserted room answered back "for ever!" as if it saw beyond them the grave and uttered the words in prophecy.

* * * * *

In the neat comfortable little parlor at the back of his shop sat John Everard, looking hardly altered from what he had been five years ago, save that his hair might have thinned a little, and perhaps he had some need now of the gold spectacles; but in appearance he was the same—ever kind, hearty, and warm-hearted. And yet he had sorrows—who has not? He had, early in life, lost his wife; and his daughter round whom every fibre of his heart had twined, had, as we have seen, left him and fled—with a man he knew to be a villain. That was nearly four and twenty years ago, and since then he had been alone; he had never seen her again, and though he knew she had had a daughter (of Theresa's birth he knew nothing) he had never seen the child and knew not even if she was alive until about seven years before, when he had seen the announcement of her marriage with Arthur Vivian, Esq., in the papers, and it was then he made a will, so tying up to her and hers his property.

Somehow or other his thoughts were even now going back to the memory of other days when little feet had pattered about the old London house, and a child's little face had peered above the counter, and the old man's heart ached for the child he had lost, and warmly indeed would he have welcomed that child's unknown daughter. So he sat in that old dark panelled room, thinking, when his foreman opened the door and came in contrary to his usual custom; for though he had been there thirty years, he rarely entered his master's private room without knocking. But now he did, and said in a whisper, "Mr. Everard, there's a lady asking for you; and lawks, sir! just to see her. So like Miss Evie, that it might be just her come home again."

The old man took off his spectacles, and rose, trembling and holding by his chair. "Ask her," said he—"ask her name."

The foreman went back, and then the old gunsmith heard a voice that thrilled through him, say, "Mrs. Arthur Vivian," and the name of Eveline burst from his lips. She heard it, and the next minute she was kneeling at the old man's feet. "Grandfather! grandfather!" she cried.

So like—oh! so like the child he had loved and lost, that the long years vanished, and he saw only in the kneeling form his daughter coming to him again for the love and shelter she had found nowhere else; and clasping his trembling arms about her, he let her weep her very heart out on his breast, while his own tears fell thick and fast on the poor weary head that at last found rest.

"My daughter! my Evie!" said he. "Come at last!—home at last!"

She lifted her face; then seeing what he thought, she said touchingly, "Not she—her child! oh, grandfather! love me a little for my dead mother's sake, for I am fatherless and worse than widowed."

And the old man, as he held her to his heart, and heard her sad tale, felt that he had recovered more than his lost daughter; and that in her stricken child she lived again refined, purified by the heavy hand of sorrow and suffering. Perhaps Heaven, in its mercy and goodness, had so chastened her.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE long vacation—and a very long one it is—came to an end at last; the lord chancellor opened the courts again; and parliament met to be prorogued till February; and business men again returned to London.

Julian had written that he and Surrey would land at Dover on the tenth of November by the earliest boat from Calais; and therefore, the night before, Egerton and Leonora went down to Dover, so that they were ready to meet the boat. There, sure enough, were the two travellers; and as they stepped ashore, they were met by Sir Angelo and Leonora. No one to see them meet and bravely shake hands, would have guessed the deep emotion in the heart of each; for none could see the iron strength of that apparently cold clasp. Julian could not, if he would, have spoken; for the crowd of memories that welled up in the heart of the exile, as he once more stood on English soil, was too much for speech; but it was not till they reached the hotel, and were alone—for Leonora and Walter purposely left them—not till Angelo grasped both his hands, and in his native tongue bade him welcome to home and Old England; that the long controlled emotions of the exile's heart gave way; and the strong man bowed his head and wept like a child.

But both were calm when Walter and Leonora de Caldara returned, and only her tender woman's eye, with the quickness of deep affection, detected traces of emotion which did manhood no shame.

"Have you brought home everything," she said, as she too bade him welcome, "so that you will never go away again?"

"Everything, dear Leonora, pictures included," he replied.

"And," said Egerton, "I will leave Leonora to take care of you while Walter and I go and see about getting your property through the Custom House. It will take two or three days; but I'll leave Burns to see to it, for we must reach Falcontower to night."

That evening the ancient gates of Falcontower Castle rolled back to receive the exile to the home of his childhood.

For one day only Egerton and his ward remained, and on the following morning they left the north and returned to London.

In the meantime the case of Egerton versus Stanfeld came on to be heard. The court was pretty well filled; and as the evidence was principally to be taken in the person, Walter and Egerton were there with their solicitor, Mr. Seymour, and Stephen Stanfeld came in with his attorney, a certain Mr. George Verney. The defence was that Walter Surrey was not the son of Colonel Surrey; it being asserted by Stanfeld, and he held to it, that he had information of the said colonel's death without children. But such a defence had not a leg to stand upon. It was proved that Colonel Surrey had a son; and the letter was produced, written to Miss Norman after his engagement, telling her who and what he was. The certificate of his marriage with Gertrude Norman was produced, with the certificate of their child's birth, and a certified copy of the register of the colonel's death, which had occurred at Calcutta.

Not to weary with details—the evidence was so clear for the plaintiff, that the vice chancellor decided against the defendant, and made the order removing him from the trust, with some very strong remarks on his conduct. Stephen Stanfeld left the court a ruined man, and if it had taken place a few years later, he would have been sent across the seas under the Fraudulent Trustees Act. As it was, he was of course utterly unable to refund the immense sum he was liable for, and he was obliged to pass through the Insolvent Court; while Egerton took possession of Forest Moor for his ward, intending in the spring to have the whole estate thoroughly looked after, from the Grange to the laborer's cottage.

Willingly would Theresa have gone to her father; but he wrote to her, commanding her to keep away. He was henceforth dead to her and Eveline, who he said had "gone abroad with Arthur—curse them!" And this was not contradicted, for Eveline said to her grandfather, "She is happy where she is. Better without such a sister as I am—better that the murderer's wife should be dead to her. She could not be happy with you or me."

And so Theresa was left standing alone. Yes, alone; her home, such as it was, gone, crumbled away into dust, as a skeleton, long enclosed, does when exposed to light and air. She learned—and learned through the public papers—that her father was a swindler, an insolvent, a ruined man alike in name and estate; and then came his letter ignoring her from that day, her and her sister; "they were best without him, as he was without them."

"I hated your mother," he concluded, "and I never loved her children. For you—you chose your own course, and must abide by it. For Eveline—she fled one night that Arthur came, and where she is I neither know nor care. She may have gone after him—it is most likely. Forest Moor is wrested from me; you and Eveline have seen me for the last time—you now hear from me for the last time; henceforth to you I am dead. This is the last from

"STEPHEN STANFELD."

With a perfectly white face, the friendless girl went straight to Lady Alice St. John, showed her the letter, and told her her whole story, with hard, dry eyes, and hard, unchanging manner. Alice St. John saw into the child's heart as plainly as if it had been an open book, and she held out her arms.

"My poor child," she said; "oh, my poor child."

Theresa knelt at Alice's feet—laid her head on her lap, and wept as if her heart would break.

So for a few moments Alice let her weep, and then the sweet pitying face bent over the homeless girl, and a soft pitying kiss fell on her brow.

"My darling," said Lady Alice, "look up. My dear child, you know that neither I nor mine will value you the less for this."

Theresa rose calm now, and taking the letter, tore it in half and flung it in the fire.

"So I wipe out all ties that once bound me to him," she cried. "So I sweep away all memory of a home that never was a home, and a father who never was a father, whose very name shall be mine no more. Call me henceforth Theresa Herbert."

"My child," said Lady Alice, "would you destroy the memory of your sister?"

"No, oh no," she replied; "but I do not think she has gone after or with her husband. She has more likely fled to our grandfather, Mr. Everard, the gunsmith."

"If so, would she not have written to you?" asked Lady Alice.

"I don't know—I can't tell," said Theresa. "Arthur Vivian may have forbidden her; there never was any love lost between him and me. If you will spare me for a couple of hours, Lady Alice, I will go to Bond Street; for though my grandfather never saw me, I must hear something of Eveline."

"Go, my dear, and God speed you, for we leave here shortly for Falcontower. Take the carriage," and Lady Alice rang the bell, and ordered the carriage.

Thus it came about that a brougham stopped before John Everard's shop, and a lady, closely veiled, stepped out, and entering the shop, addressed the ancient foreman. "Is Mr. Everard within?"

"No, ma'am, he is out," was the reply.

"Is there a young lady living here?" she asked, "a Mrs. Vivian?"

"Yes, ma'am, there is my master's granddaughter," said the foreman. "Mrs. Vivian is now at home."

"I must see her—and at once," said Theresa.

The foreman bowed, rang a little bell, and a maid-servant appeared, who conducted Theresa up stairs to a very pretty drawing-room.

"Tell Mrs. Vivian that Miss Herbert wishes to see her," said Theresa.

The girl left the room, and Theresa threw up her veil and stood waiting. A slow faltering step came along outside, and Arthur Vivian's forsaken wife entered. "Theresa!" she cried. One spring, and poor Eveline was in her sister's arms. And then they told their griefs to each other, for Eveline, ever weak and clinging, must lean on something, and Theresa must have sympathy, and so in mutual confidence they found mutual relief and comfort.

John Everard came in shortly afterward, and the dear good old man welcomed the second grandchild almost as he had done the first, and wanted her to live with him also; but Theresa knew well that it was better for all parties that she should not; besides she could not honorably leave her situation; so she said she would remain there. All she asked was a place in her grandfather's heart and a corner of his hearth as a home.

Thus once more the light shone on her path, and thus Theresa Herbert was not left standing alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was a fine frosty morning of a bright sunny day in December that the carriage which was bearing Mrs. Rochester and her daughter and Cousin Tom to Falcontower neared its destination. Isbel had never been there before, and everything had an interest for her.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, as they entered the quaint old town of Falcontower, "do look at that dear old inn, the Egerton Arms," pointing to a wandering old inn facing the sea, and which had stood for ages.

"Ah," said Marion, "the walls of that inn concealed a lord of Falcontower once, when soldiers were searching his own castle for him in vain."

"Who was that, mamma?" asked Isbel.

"Angelo's great grandfather," replied her mother. "Sir James Egerton was out in the forty-five' you know, and after the pretender fled back to France, he came here, and was actually in that inn while the royal soldiers were searching the castle. You will see his picture up yonder."

Here the carriage stopped at the gates of the Park, of which on this side there was about a mile to traverse. They were obliged to go slowly, for all the way the road was a steep ascent on the right, far below rolled the sea, and they could hear the sullen measured roar of the breakers as they crashed on the rocks and beach beneath, while to the left as far as the eye could reach it rested enchanted on forest-clad heights with giant oaks, and waving pines, and wooded valleys, and deep and rocky gorges. It was indeed a noble domain, and right noble too was the stately old castle which now burst upon their view.

"Why," said Isbel, when she could speak, "it has all its fortifications, just as in

That golden antique time
When knights and nobles for a lady's love
Would spear the dragon.

"Yes," said her mother; "though it has stood nearly eight centuries, and many a siege, its successive owners have cared so well for it, that there's little or nothing of ruin about it. Look at its lofty stern old donjon, with the proud banner of a proud house waving over it."

"What an impregnable fortress!" said Isbel.

Marion smiled, and Tom said, "Strong as it looks, a smart cannonading of modern artillery would soon make a ruin of that grand old baronial pile."

Isbel said no more, but as the carriage rolled under the massive gateway, and she

glanced at the grim walls and frowning towers and battlements that rose up on all sides, she could not help saying, "I shouldn't like to be a prisoner here, though."

The carriage passed through another gateway into an immense quadrangle, and drew up before the magnificent entrance, where, instead of mail-clad knights, Leonora and Egerton received them, and gave them "welcome to old Falcontower," and Leonora herself took Marion to her room, and as she left her at the door, whispered, "I must go to receive the other guests who have arrived, and are in their rooms; but when you are ready, go to Angelo's private study (you know your way) Julian is there."

Knew the way—of course she did, and through the ups and downs of dark galleries and stairways gained the door.

Julian was in the study; at last she was to meet the son she had parted from nine years before, and now that moment had arrived, she stopped, trembling, almost fearing to enter the room; it was only a moment and then she went in. There he stood; changed as he was she knew him, and the emotion of years seemed crowded into the single moment she paused, ere she sprang forward to the arms that held her so close.

"Julian! my boy, my son! my worshipped boy."

All the anguish of that long weary separation was forgotten, and in that moment she knew, felt only that she once more clasped her son, her idolised boy, to her mother's heart; for the very mother who bore him could not have loved him with a greater love than his step-mother did. He let her weep the happy tears that might at last flow and his own breast heaved, but then he held her off.

"My beautiful mother, my own sweet mother," he said, in a low voice; "it seemed as if we were never again to meet on this side of the grave, and now it must be by stealth as if it were wrong."

"But, oh Julian," she said; "for my sake if not for your own, remember that in public we are nothing but strangers."

"That is the hardest to bear," said Julian bitterly; "to be compelled to treat you, and Angelo, and Leonora, as comparative strangers."

"Dear Julian, my dear son," said his mother, again winding her arms round him, "hope and trust that all will come right it is begun, if it had not, you could not now be here; and though the murderer has escaped, he will surely be taken."

"Look at me, mother, and tell me if I am so changed that no one will recognise me, not even Tom Courtenay?"

Tom had known a beardless youth of eighteen, with a fair complexion and golden hair. Now, in his place there stood a tall, strong man of seven-and-twenty, with a bronzed complexion, a dark mustache on the lip, and hair which, if it had retained its golden light, had deepened into a rich dark brown, totally different to the sunny locks of the youth. The eyes were the same; but the very features had changed. They had grown sterner, more defined; and care and sorrow had not left scatheless the once smooth brow. The very smile was sadder, and his voice was deepened and mellowed.

There is, perhaps, no time of life when years work such a change as from eighteen to six or seven and twenty, when the stripling becomes the strong, thinking man, who has battled with the world and tasted of the bitterness of life; and as Marion gazed on the slight, graceful, but powerful form, and noble bronzed face of her son, she felt that he was indeed so changed—ay, and for the better—that none would recognise in the somewhat foreign looking Julian D'Arcy the one they had only known as boy and youth.

"You are so changed, my darling boy," she said, "that even Tom will not know you."

The door opened softly, and Leonora glided in. "Angelo sent me," she said, with a gentle smile. "Isbel has missed you aunt Marion; go back, and you, Julian, come with me another way. We must enter the drawing-room by the boudoir." She pushed Marion gently from the room, and came back to Julian. "Now, you'll remember that I must 'Mr. Rothesay' you."

"And must I 'miss' you," said Julian.

"No," said she; "because Angelo and I were so intimate with you abroad when I was quite a child."

"So as you are not yet grown up, I may still 'Leonora' you," added Julian smiling.

"Yes, and I'll tell you this," said Leonora, "no one here understands Italian but you, I, Angelo, and Marion; even Isbel doesn't, for she learnt German instead, and as you have been so long in Italy, it will not be counted rude now and then to speak to you in Italian, but rather a courtesy to you."

"Thank you for the hint," said Julian. "Now come."

They reached the drawing-room soon after Mrs. Rochester, and then Angelo introduced Julian to his guests, of whom as yet there were none but whom we know: Lady Alice St. John, and her sons and niece, with Theresa, the Rochesters, Walter Surrey, and Roland Aubrey, whom, having met in town at Louis St. John's, Egerton had asked to Falcontower as a return for his courtesy to his ward.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT a false lying girl this Leonora is!" it may be said. "It's not right nor moral; no good can ever come of lying and deceit."

Now we are afraid that this is a point where, as the old lady said, "Paul and I differ," and we must perforce defend our heroine. This is not a perfect world, and in this world there is no way of meeting deceit but by deceit; it is one of the necessary evils which sin entails on the earth. A murder had been committed by one man, that another—an innocent man—was suffering under the conviction of, an exile, a fugitive for it; and the only way to meet such an artful villain as Vivian, who had so long defied justice, was by an art and subtlety superior to his own. Which was the most monstrous wrong—that an innocent man should so suffer, or that Leonora should act as she did?

Margaret Arundel had thought of it often, and of the share she had had in the systematic deception of her Spanish friend. She spoke of it the morning of Christmas Eve as she and Leonora stood on the ramparts which looked down on the sea.

"Leonora," said she, "I could never have done what you have done."

The Castilian was leaning against a partially ruined battlement, looking dreamily out into the blue expanse of ocean, one hand absently holding a jewelled cross, suspended by a gold chain to her neck—the one that had been in the casket—that had Angelo's raven hair to form the "I. H. S." At Margaret's words she said, "What do you mean—that I was wrong?"

"No, not that exactly, Leonora," was the reply; "for though, in strict morality, I suppose it was wrong, somehow I can't help thinking it right."

"Right or wrong, I don't care," said Leonora, recklessly; "the wrong is all my own, and I'll take that chance so that I serve——" She stopped abruptly but the little slender fingers closed nervously and clingingly round the cross.

Margaret looked up; the quiet brow was troubled, the firm, proud lip quivered slightly, and the dark eyes drooped beneath the long heavy lashes.

"Would you go through it all again?" said Margaret.

"Yes, a thousandfold," replied Leonora; and the little hand silently stole the cross into the bosom of her robe, and let it lie there on the heart that knew not itself.

"What!" said Margaret; "again through that night in the cloisters; more than all through that horrible ten minutes on the river's strand, when you knew Vivian meant to murder you?"

"Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall," said Leonora de Caldara: "it is a sentiment worthy of a Roman."

There was a short silence. Isbel now joined them, saying, "Might I ask you to show us the picture gallery? We have heard so much of it."

"With pleasure," was the reply. "Ah! here is Walter Surrey."

Surrey approached, smiled, and offered her his arm, and taking it Leonora led the way to the magnificent picture gallery—a perfect gallery of Art; sculptures and painting, ancient and modern; master pieces of all ages were here gathered together. There seemed scarce a painter or sculptor, from ancient Greece to the present day, but had contributed some gem of art to it, and while Walter was bending over a classic vase, Isbel was standing entranced before an exquisite painting of Sir Thomas Lawrence's representing a beautiful woman in early youth.

"Who is this?" almost whispered Isbel.

"It is Helen Rothesay, Lady Egerton, Sir Reginald's mother. She died young. This was painted from a crayon of her."

"Poor thing! And who are those two—in this one large frame? What a beautiful couple!"

She might well say so. It was a picture of a handsome man in a Highland bonnet and plaid of the Stewart tartan, and leaning on his arm was a young and most beautiful Italian lady, with one of those faces that, like Charles First's, seemed to have a doom written in them.

"Who are these?" she next inquired.

"That is Sir James Egerton," said Leonora. "He was out in the 'forty-five,' and died abroad in the service of Prince Charles while his son was secretly brought up at this castle."

"And this fair Italian——"

"Was his wife. She was following her husband into exile, but the vessel was wrecked on the French coast. Her corpse was found and secretly brought here and buried in the cloisters. There is a broken column on her tomb."

"How comes Sir James in that dress?" asked Isbel.

"His mother was the daughter of a Sir Archibald Stewart, who had lands in Blair Athole. That is how it is."

"I should have told Sir James's for an Egerton face," observed Walter. "I observe in all these portraits a strong family likeness, from that grim old knight of Norman William's to Sir Angelo; they have all the same full grey eye and somewhat Roman cast of face; they have been a dark race and a handsome one."

"Ay," said the Castilian, passing slowly on, "and an unquiet one; few of them have died in their beds."

"Indeed!" said Isbel; "but is there no portrait of Sir Angelo?"

"Yes, just near," was the reply.

A step more, and they stood before Julian's masterly portrait of Egerton, which was hanging next that of his beautiful and ill-fated Spanish mother. On the other side of his, there was a blank space. Walter Surrey stood for a long time looking at both, then glanced several times from the portraits to Leonora, and at last said, "Miss Rochester look at these three faces: how alike they are. Surely, Miss de Caldara, this dark lady was some relation to you and your guardian!"

Leonora dropped her eyes from Jesuita's picture and said, "Certainly. She was his mother, and my second cousin; her name was Caldara."

She passed on as she spoke; but the sunlight from a window gleamed for a moment on a few gray hairs amidst Leonora's raven tresses, and Walter, as he saw them, remembered with a pang of self reproach, what before he had forgotten—that he had heard that Lady Egerton had come darkly by her death.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STEPHEN STANFELD left the Insolvent Court a ruined, childless, homeless man. One child had fled from him, he neither knew nor cared where, and the other he had deliberately flung away, less friendless in the wide world without than with him.

He turned his back on the mighty city, a man whose own hand had made him at sixty utterly alone and friendless in the world. Not even the memory of a being who had loved him, and whom he had loved. Where did the man, whose whole life had been a tissue of wrong, pass that Christmas night? Wandering like a ghost about the desolate, deserted house that for nearly forty years had been his—not even a single light there now. Every window was shut and barred; the weeds grew more rank, the hemlock more tall and straggling; the few flowers that Arthur's wife had been used to tend and train were dead now; and nothing but desolation reigned in the lonely old Grange where some fifty years before old Herbert Surrey had kept open house, and later, banished his only son from—all dead; and now the old place had passed once more into the hands of the Surreys, represented by the son of Armitage Surrey; and as Stephen Stanfeld stood beneath the tall trees on all he had lost, he lifted his hand and cursed aloud the name of Angelo Egerton, the man who had wrested so fair a domain from his hands.

"Ay, curse away!" said a voice. "Curses, they say; recoil on them as speak them." And a tall, portly man stood before him. "What are you doing on these grounds, eh?"

"What I choose!" replied Stanfeld. "Who are you, fellow?"

"Maybe an honester man than Stephen Stanfeld," was the reply. "My name's Sam Warren, and I'm left in charge here by the gentleman you so liberally provide with a warm place in eternity. You're trespassing here, sir, and must leave."

"Do you know, fellow, that I was here?" said Stanfeld, fiercely.

"Certainly, sir, you were; but Sir Angelo Egerton is here now, and he has placed me in charge, so be kind enough to walk away, sir. I don't wish to be rude, but duty is duty."

Stanfeld turned on his heel, and walked away—a homeless wanderer—made so by his own hand alone.

Where that snowy winter's night was Arthur Vivian? While the good old yule log blazed in the immense blaze in the immense hall of the keep at Falcontower Castle—while a gay and happy crowd danced the "Sir Roger de Coverley"—while the grim old portraits frowned on each other, and the sad dark face of Jesuita de Caldara looked mournfully down on the many bright young faces which gazed wonderingly upon the ill-fated Spaniard, her assassin was standing before John Everard's door, closely wrapped in a heavy mantle, and with his hat slouched low, but still worn with a certain jaunty air as if he knew—as he did—that he was handsome.

Yes, there he stood, though he knew that there was a price on his head, though he knew that a clever detective was searching for him; but he was calmly self-confident; he had already put his pursuer on a wrong track, eluded him, and returned to England in one of the hundred disguises he knew how to assume, and now he stood there hesitating whether to knock boldly, or watch an opportunity of finding out if his wife were there. He wanted money, and he knew he could get it from her, if she had it.

He knocked at last at the private door, which was opened by a middle-aged woman.

"Does a lady live here of the name of Vivian," he said,—"Mrs. Vivian?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Everard's grand-daughter."

"Will you be kind enough to tell her that a gentleman—an old friend—wishes to see her at once and privately?"

"Step in to this room, sir. What name shall I say?"

"None—merely what I said."

The woman retired, through an inner door, and Arthur was left alone; but in a minutes the door from the passage opened, and his wife stood before him, looking very ill, but firmer than he had ever yet seen her.

"Do you know," she said, putting out her hands to keep him back, "that there is a price on your head—that you are pursued? Do you court death, that you venture here? No, keep back—do not touch me."

"Evie, Evie!" he said. "Is it my wife who speaks? You used to love me. Are you not still Arthur Vivian's wife?"

"That dark night," she said, still steadily confronting him, and still keeping him back, "when you told me you have never loved me—when you told me you had wedded me with a red hand—when you flung me from your bosom with fierce oaths, my love died. Your wife—yes, I am Arthur Vivian's wife; but I am not to be brutally flung away one day and wooed back at his pleasure. Arthur Vivian, I know you now."

"Eveline, hear me! hear me!" he implored. "I am a wanderer on the earth, an exile, a proscribed man, hunted from city to city, from land to land; houseless in the dark, dreadful night, without the means to evade present want, or live from day to day. Eveline, will you let your husband be taken for want of means to leave the country forever?"

"Swear to me that you will never let me see your face again," said Eveline; that the few months I have to live will be passed in peace, and I will give you the means to fly."

"I swear it," he replied.

His wife threw a heavy purse on the table, he took it up, moved towards the door, and then paused.

"What do you mean by the few months you have to live?" he asked.

"Look at me, Arthur Vivian," said his wife. "I am dying! One kind word from you that night would have saved me."

"Eveline, Eveline! have I not enough blood on my head, but you must lay yours on me, too?"

"Arthur, farewell!" said Eveline. "Oh! God have mercy on you!"

"God!" he murmured, as he stood once more in the darkness and falling snow, and raised that face of dark and agonised beauty upward. "I dare not believe in God—it were to drag me into hell. My only hope is that 'after death is nothingness.'"

A shadow fell on the snow, and a woman with an infant passed by. He stood, looking after her, and folded his arms tightly across his chest.

"Oh, Evie, Evie," said he, "if you could have laid a little child upon my breast, I might not have been so lost a being."

And the darkness grew darker and the snow fell faster, as the dark form flitted past and vanished.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two students at Williston Seminary, who are very fond of wearing showy clothes, recently took pains to get two suits of the same material, which they were sure could not be duplicated. Unfortunately, however, they left some pieces with a local tailor, in whose shop they were seen by a couple of Chinese students, who procured suits exactly like them, and the four appeared in the chapel on the same morning with suits of the same cut and material. The chagrin of the two students may imagined.

Alligators, though not unknown, are not very common in the rivers of China, where in many places their appearance is held to presage some watery disaster. One has recently been discovered at Chin Kiang by some laborers employed in clearing out a small canal. When the scales of the monster were observed above the mud in which it had buried itself, work at once ceased. The mandarins were informed of the unwelcome presence, and came in force to the spot, burning incense unsuccessfully, to induce the visitor to depart.

Mrs. Starch, of Surgeon Bay, Wis., desired to get rid of her husband. She put poison in his coffee, but the dose was so small that it only made him slightly ill. She tried again, and made the quantity so large that it did not seriously harm him. Then she experimented on a dog and a cat; but by the time she had thoroughly mastered the subject, Mr. Starch's suspicions were aroused, and he detected the drug in his cup on the occasion of the third attempt on his life.

There is a young lady in Wilkes county, Ga., who was born blind, and who, it is said, can instantly tell color by the touch. When a child, she could tell the name and color of her pet cats and chickens by simply laying her hand upon them.

French bridesmaids all wear bunches of natural orange blossoms at the waist.

MY DAISY DARLING.

BY BIRAM TORREY.

Down in a daisy-jeweled meadow,
Willows kiss the brooklet's flow,
Where first I met my Daisy darling,
In a summer long ago.

O fresher far than flowers of springtime,
Brighter still than sparkling dew;
O Daisy mine! such fragrant sweetness,
Sweetest roses never know.

Amid the tints of shells and blossoms,
Fairest forms of earth and air,
My heart hath sought some rarest beauty,
With my Daisy to compare.

No richest emblems can portray her,
Ne'er reveal her sylph-like grace,
Her soulful eyes and form so peerless,
Nor the witch'ry of her face.

O Daisy queen! my only darling,
In my soul she reigns supreme;
And only can her like be found in
Brightest visions of a dream!

The Sick-Nurse.

BY A. B.

A STORM broke out with great severity, and the review had been shorn of much of its customary splendor. The aristocracy of the district were absent, as were also the old captains who had long since retired to rest upon their laurels, and their half pay. After seeing the review under such unfavorable circumstances, old Captain Spofforth returned home in not the best of spirits.

It is to be admitted that any man who was not like Dr. Fred Garston, his nephew, over head and ears in love, would never have chosen such a day to break what had, till now, been the inmost secret of his bosom.

It was, however, on this very day that Fred had decided to confront all opposition, and to ask his uncle to accept pretty Florence Hudson as his future niece.

The dinner passed off as usual and the Captain was settling down in his arm-chair, and would, no doubt have been enjoying his customary evening nap, if his nephew had not disturbed him by putting a question that near sent the old gentleman mad at one bound.

"What!" cried Captain Spofforth; "can it be that you, Fred Garston—that you, the son of so distinguished a general as Oswald Garston, the leader of all the heroic charges in the wars of the past half century, should condescend to stoop so low?"

"Excuse me, uncle, I——"

"Hold your tongue!" thundered the Captain. "You would give your hand to a girl who——"

"Whose father," interrupted Garston, "was a brave soldier, like yourself, but who, personally, can boast of no distinction, save the little she has acquired, and which is accorded to all army hospital nurses."

"Say no more!" foamed the Captain. "It cannot, shall not be!"

"Uncle," returned Fred, it afflicts me deeply that I must incur your displeasure, for I cannot renounce Florence Hudson. We love each other, have exchanged vows, and I must and will make her my wife."

"Against my wish—without my consent?" roared the Captain.

"Ah, uncle, why will you not consent, and bless our union?"

"Begone, begone!—get from my sight, and forever!" said the Captain, the words half choking him.

Fred knew from past experience that his uncle would not retract, and so made no further attempt to shake the Captain's resolution.

He began to pack his luggage at once, and before the village clock had struck ten had arranged everything for his departure, and left his uncle's home.

* * * * *

It was the anniversary of the day on which, two years previously, Fred—or, as he was now styled, Dr. Garston—had left his uncle, as then he thought forever, that he found awaiting him on his return from the usual morning visits to his patients, a telegram which ran as follows:

"From Sarah Cartwright, housemaid, The Oaks, Corwell, to Dr. Garston, Abbey Street, Walthern.

'Captain Spofforth happened with a serious accident—broken leg—whilst returning from review to-day. Come at once if you desire to see him alive."

Fred immediately broke this sad news to his "wife." Yes, his wife; for it was now fifteen months since Fred Garston had publicly vowed to love and cherish, till death did them part, one Florence Hudson; and, as the result of the union, a son had been given to the happy pair, and they had named him Henry Spofforth Garston.

Long before the time at which the next train for Corwell was timed to start, Fred had made all arrangements, not forgetting the principal one of getting Dr. Spinks to take over his patients until such time as he should be able to return home from his uncle's.

'Yes; it's broken, and badly too!" were the first words that greeted Fred's ears on entering The Oaks; "and I am not certain whether it will not be necessary to amputate the limb."

These were the words addressed by Dr. Carlton, the one and only medical practitioner in the neighborhood of Corwell, to James the groom, who stood by the bedside of his old governor—or, as he was in the habit of designating the individual who now lay on the bed of pain before him, "the old conqueror."

It was in the middle of the third week after the accident had occurred that Fred began to feel the effects of the long night watches he had had at the bedside of his patient. He hastened to the study, and addressed a rather short but very expressive, note to his own dear Florry, explaining his position, and asking her to take the first train for Corwell the following morning.

Strange to say—but it was, nevertheless, a fact—that on the day of the arrival of Mrs. Fred Garston, the Captain seemed to be in better spirits than he had ever been before since the date on which Fred, along with Doctor Carlton; had set the broken leg.

But three days after this, the Captain was in a state of unconsciousness, and more than once during that time it was thought he was about to draw his last breath. He did, however, rally; and for six long weeks Fred and his young wife took the position of night-watch alternately.

It was on the second day of the eighth week after the second setting that Fred was seated by the bedside of his patient, thinking of the night when he had quitted his uncle's roof, some two and a quarter years ago, when his uncle indicated, by his call for a glass of water (as he had many times done during the past few days), that he desired a little conversation.

Fred, of course, gratified his uncle's wish, and the two entered into, and thoroughly discussed, divers subjects for the space of an hour or so, when Fred unwittingly introduced the subject of "sick nurses," and amongst other things pointed out the wonderful powers of endurance and the amount of patience possessed by some of those of the gentler sex who followed this avocation as a means of livelihood and support.

This brought forth a rejoinder from Captain Spofforth, which was quite unexpected, to the effect that never before had he suspected, never before could he have believed, whoever had told him of it, that it was possible for a human being to be so kind, and attentive, and so self-denying as the young lady who had acted in that capacity to himself, through the many long weeks of suffering he had undergone.

"Indeed, Fred, I am firmly convinced if it had not been for the kind care and watchfulness of my nurse that your help as medical adviser to your uncle would have long since been dispensed with; and, instead of being in conversation with you as I am at the present moment, my bones would have been lying beside those of my forefathers. And," continued the Captain, "let me take this opportunity of thanking you kindly—very kindly—for the promptitude and foresight you displayed in engaging this young lady to watch over one who, until this accident happened, had never known the true value of woman. If I am only spared, I intend to recompense her in a manner that will show that her services have not been wasted on a man who could not appreciate them; and, if it be possible, I will prevail upon her to stay in my service, to take whatever position she may choose in my household."

Speaking with perceptible emotion, Fred replied:

"I am greatly pleased that the sick nurse had ministered to your wants in such an efficient manner. With regard to your intention of retaining her in your service, I must demur to that, as I think that a permanent situation in any household would be beneath the wife of Doctor Garston."

"Fred! Fred!" ejaculated the Captain, repeating the same some half dozen times, and throwing himself into a state of excitement. "Is it really a fact—can it be possible that this young lady is your wife?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Fred, in a tone that was almost inaudible.

A moment later and Mrs. Garston was in the arms of the old Captain, and receiving his thanks and blessings.

And from that day, the Captain, though always well, never felt right, he said, unless the sick nurse was near him.

The reported command of the King of Burmah to put several females of the royal family in chains and leave them to starve to death, is a fresh example of a common form of native cruelty. When the English were preparing to bombard Rangoon, the Burmese Governor ordered several native Christians to be hung up by the wrists and left to perish of thirst and hunger. A similar fate awaited the English and American missionaries who were only saved by a timely capture of the town. Among the victims of this horrible practice was a lion which had been presented to the king by the British government, and which the native priests declared must die if Rangoon should be saved. Accordingly the poor beast was actually starved to death in his cage.

"Stowed Away."

BY NIXON.

I WAS once third mate of the Water Nymph, a fine clipper ship engaged in the Australian trade.

One Autumn she was discharging a general cargo at the railway pier, Williamstown, Port Philip, and my duty chiefly consisted in keeping a watchful eye upon the stevedores at work in the hold, for they were terrible fellows for broaching cargo whenever they could get a chance, and the quantities of wine, beer, and spirits on board offered them many temptations.

Notwithstanding all my vigilance, casks were constantly sent on deck void of contents, and I was repeatedly censured by the chief officer for not keeping a sharper look-out.

This galled me much, for I was confident the gang then at work were not the depredators, as I had seen several bottled ale casks dragged empty from the places where they had been stowed, and I knew that their depletion was owing to some other agency than the one suspected.

At last I received a hint from the cook that there was always plenty of grog knocking about in the forecastle; and the inference I naturally drew was, that the sailors had effected ingress to the hold by forcing a passage through the bulkhead in the fore-peak, and made nightly incursions upon the cargo; so I resolved to sneak below, after the hatches had been closed at sunset, and endeavor to catch some of the crew in the act.

I told the first mate the suspicions I entertained, and he considered my project a good one; so, shortly after nightfall, he lowered me down the after hatchway himself, carefully reclosing it, as, of course, if the men got a notion of what was in the wind, my mission would be fruitless.

The night was cloudy and stormy, occasional squalls of wind and rain drowning every sound on deck, but in the spacious lower hold all was dark and silent as the grave.

I groped my way forward for some distance, clambering on hands and knees over chests, bales, and boxes, until at last I found my progress impeded by several huge cases of machinery, which barred up the passage from one hatchway to the other, on the starboard side.

On the port side and amidships small cases of wine were stowed, and as I could easily lift them, I commenced removing the top layer, and crawling ahead as I did so.

As a lamp would have betrayed my presence to the thieves, I did not carry one, but I had a few matches in my vest pocket, and I occasionally lighted one when I lost my way among the labyrinth of goods.

At last, on removing a good-sized bale, I found empty space before me, and concluding I had arrived at the main hatchway, whence all the cargo had been removed, I faced about and began lowering myself by my hands and feet to the keelson; but a case I grasped gave way, and I was suddenly precipitated to the plankflooring with the case upon my legs and holding me down with its weight, which was considerable.

I tried to rise, but the effort was futile, and the pain in my crushed limbs was excruciating.

The air was hot and stifling, and a peculiar sickening odor hung upon it.

After fumbling for a match, I struck the last one I had against the iron band of the case. Directly it ignited, a sheet of white flame flitted around, and in its pale, weird light I saw a ghastly skeleton crouched in close proximity to where I lay.

I uttered a cry of horror, for it was no chimera. I was really in the tomb of one who had once been mortal, and the flame which had illumined the dark cavity where I had been was caused by the gases generated in the decaying body of the unfortunate man, who must have been immured in a living sepulchre.

In a frenzy of terror I uttered wild screams for help, but only the echoes of my own voice answered, and no other sound broke the dread stillness save the hurrying rush of many feet, as swarms of rats fled over and away from me.

Huge drops of sweat welled up and stood in dewy beads upon my brow; yet a chill sensation shook every nerve and muscle in my body.

I could see nothing in the intense darkness; but, as if lured by fascination I glanced in the direction of the ghastly figure until my eyes were almost out of their sockets.

I fancied I could see the long, bony arm of the skeleton thrust itself forth to grasp me; the fleshless face, the hollow temples, seemed clear to my sight, and the white rows of teeth seemed to mock and grin at me in despair.

I was but a youngster, and I could bear the horrible phantasy no longer; my overstrained nerves relaxed, and I swooned.

How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, but when my senses returned I heard a noise a short distance ahead of where I lay, and saw a ray of yellow light gleam through the interstices of some loosely stowed packages on my right. Then the sound of a man's voice fell upon my ear, and by the tone of it I knew that a sailor named Carstairs was in the vicinity of where I lay.

"It's a good thing for us that the mate thinks it's the lumpers as broaches the cargo, or we'd never get a drop of this good liquor. I say, Bill, can't we smuggle off enough to last the voyage home?" I heard him say.

'Carstairs!" I hollowed, in a faint voice, that sounded strangely unnatural even to myself, "Help! I'm jammed up in here."

I heard a crash of glass, as if a bottle had been let fall.

"Bill! Bill! did you hear that?" half-shrieked the terror stricken sailor.

"It's something unnatural, anyhow. Let's get out o' this, Joe. I knew no good would ever come of this way of doing business," replied his companion.

I hollowed again, louder and more distinctly:

"For mercy's sake, don't leave me here to die!" I cried.

"That's the third mate's voice, for sure," said Carstairs. "What's he arter down here? Spying on us, I s'pose. But if he's gotten hurt, it's best we should go and help him; he's not a bad sort, and perhaps won't split on us."

Flinging cases and bales aside, they advanced towards me, guided by my voice as I repeatedly hailed them.

At last only one case stood between them and me; they rolled it away, and grasped the one beneath which I lay.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" asked Carstairs.

"I can scarcely tell," I replied, as they lifted me up. Then I pointed in the direction of the skeleton. "Look, look there!" I said.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the sailor, his stalwart form trembling all over as his gaze fell upon the ghastly figure which the glare of the lamp revealed to us in all its repulsiveness. "'Tis some poor fellow who's stowed himself away for the passage," he added, when the first agony of surprise had passed away.

I was sorely bruised, but no bones were broken. The sailors assisted me along until I got under the main hatchway; then they went up on deck, via the forecastle, and told the mate they thought some one was down the hold. He, thinking I had made a capture, opened the hatch, and I was hoisted, more dead than alive, from the hold beneath.

I explained all to the mate, except the part relating to the two sailors, for I did not wish to get them into trouble, as they had aided me; and next day the remains of the unfortunate stowaway were brought up on deck.

From a paper found in the pocket of his coat we ascertained his name and former residence, and afterwards learned that the unhappy man had wished to join his sweetheart in Australia, but having no money to pay for a passage, he had stowed himself away in the pump-well, whence no sound could reach to the deck, and so met the terrible fate I have recorded.

There was no more cargo broached at night aboard the Water Nymph that trip.

SINGULAR ACCIDENTS.—Strange mishaps with fatal results are daily happening here and there. A Boston butcher ran against a knife that lay on a block, severed an artery, and bled to death. A Denver woman caught her foot upon a frog and could not get loose before a train ran over her. A Vermont farmer sneezed with a straw in his mouth, drew it into his lungs and died choking. A horse kicked a Michigan boy into a deep well, where he was drowned. The shoe flew off the foot of a kicking mule in Nashville and fractured the skull of a baby. An Oregon girl swallowed her engagement ring and lived only a week afterward. While standing on his head on the top of a high fence post, an Iowa boy lost his balance, fell into a tub of hot water, and was fatally scalded. A stone thrown by a play-fellow, broke a glass from which a St. Louis boy was drinking, driving some of the pieces down his throat, and he died a few days afterward in great agony. Looking up to watch the flight of an arrow a Nashville woman did not see it descending directly over her head, and the sharp metal point penetrated her brain through one of her eyes, killing her instantly.

Two farmers in Santa Clara county, Cal., are having a queer lawsuit. One had a fine artesian well on his grounds, yielding water enough to irrigate large strawberry beds and an orchard during the dry season. The other day a well sunk on the adjoining property struck the identical vein of water which supplied the first, and eventually checked its flow. Land owner No. 1 then instituted suit for damages for injury to his well, while No. 2 claims that the well he dug, and which No. 1 considers as injurious, was dug on his own property, and therefore was not an injury which No. 1 could ask redress for. The case is still hotly contested.

Count Beust is said to be the wittiest ambassador in Europe. He has that great charm of the humorist, a grave demeanor—for he was originally intended for the pulpit—and his conversation is full of brilliancy.

JEALOUSY.

BY J. M.

Wretched and foolish jealousy,
How com'st thou thus to enter me?
I ne'er was of thy kind;
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire:
I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruits and flowers as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love,
Thou say'st thou only com'st to prove
What my affections were.
Think'st thou that love is helped by fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth.
Seek doubting men to please,
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

The Two Choices.

BY A. C.

GEORGE ELLINGWOOD and his sister, Augusta, were seated in a well-furnished parlor in one of the most fashionable localities of the large city. It was a winter evening, and a bright coal fire burned in the grate.

George and his sister were orphans, having met with their second parental loss—that of the father—about a year previous to the opening of our story. They were rich, for their father had divided a large amount of property between them, and thus far they had lived together in the paternal mansion, George continuing the business his father had left, and Augusta taking charge of the orphaned home.

The brother had seen his five-and-twentieth year, while the sister was somewhat younger.

For some time the brother and sister had been sitting in silence. Augusta was gazing mildly upon her companion, while he was gazing nervously into the fire.

"Well," he said at length, raising his eyes to his sister's face, "you are of age, and I suppose you can do as you please, but you are most foolish."

"And wherein am I foolish?"

"Wherein? Why, in everything connected with this mad freak of yours. Here you are the mistress of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, placed by birth and endowments in the very midst of the most select and aristocratic social circle of our city, and yet you would throw away all these advantages—advantages for which thousands envy you—by marrying with a penniless, briefless lawyer."

The rich blood mounted to the face of the sister as she heard this.

"George," she said, in a very calm, firm tone, "I beg that you will at least speak with becoming dignity. I have made up my mind as to how I shall act, and I shall not change it unless I can be convinced by some reasonable argument that I am wrong. I will admit that Allan Johnson is what you would call a poor man; but yet I love him, and I will tell you why. His widowed mother was our mother's best and dearest friend. When our mother lived I used often to visit at Mrs. Johnson's, and I was placed much in Allan's company. I found him to be a noble, generous-hearted youth, with a high mind, and a rich store of information and moral character. I loved him, and he loved me. Had I found Allan Johnson amongst the very wealthiest of our fashionable acquaintances, it would have been all the same to me. It is his manhood alone that has attracted me. And I will tell you one other thing—if Allan had possessed, with all his goodness of heart, a carelessness with regard to worldly affairs, I would not have consented to become his wife. But I knew him to be rigidly upright, and persevering and industrious—and I told him that I would be his wife."

"Very well," said George. "You will of course do as you please."

"I shall do what I think right," said Augusta. "And now," she continued in a peculiar tone, "I must ask you a question, since the subject is open. Have you yet made up your mind upon your own marriage?"

"Yes."

"And you have concluded to make Angeline Allyne your wife?"

"Yes."

"I am very sorry, George."

"Are you, indeed? Well, I sha'n't attempt to fathom your tastes; but Miss Allyne possesses all those qualifications that I desire. She is wealthy, intelligent, beautiful; pleasing in her manners; moves in the highest circles of society, and understands how to make a social circle joyous and agreeable. She will be an ornament to my house."

"And yet, George," said the sister, "I fear she will not make your home a happy one. I know that she is all you have represented her, but all that cannot make a good wife. She may make an excellent mistress for your drawing rooms, but not a soothing spirit at your fireside, and, one thing more—I fear she is not qualified to be a mother to your children. It is a wife you want, George—a wife to love you and be your guardian angel when all else may be dark and gloomy."

"O, fudge!" exclaimed the brother. "I will trust Angeline Allyne. She is my choice."

"Very well," added Augusta. "All I can say is, I hope both our choices may be happy ones."

"I have one word further to say," resumed the brother, not in the best of humor, "if you marry Allan Johnson, he must not presume upon his relationship to make free with me. He must never think to look to me for sociality or assistance."

There was a tear sprang to the eye of the maiden, but she turned away her head to hide it. For a while she felt unhappy; but she looked forward into the future, and joy settled once more upon her soul.

* * * * *

Time passed on, and Augusta Ellingwood became the wife of Allan Johnson, and in a year after they were married they moved to the Great West.

George Ellingwood made Angeline Allyne his wife, and he fancied that he was going to be happy. But he had made his choice without any deeply moral considerations, and he was destined ere long to find that he had not looked deep enough for the qualifications of his wife.

She was always anxious and earnest in the gay pursuit of pleasure.

It was not long before he began to miss the society of his gentle sister.

He realized the truth of what she had told him—the woman who might shine in society, and even adorn some circles, might not be a good wife.

* * * * *

Ten years rolled away and George Ellingwood stood in the streets of the great city without a home. His wife had worn herself out in her ceaseless round of excitement, and he had laid her in the cold grave—another victim to—call it what you please.

He stood now with just two hundred dollars in his pocket—that was all his earthly wealth—and with that sum he determined to seek some home in the West, where he could escape the coldness of those who had once hung upon his favors, and where he could commence life anew. He sought out one of the most flourishing of the Western States, and there he looked about for some good opportunity to enter into business.

At length he heard that the governor of the State wanted to employ a land agent, and George determined to seek the berth.

It was just at dusk on a cool November evening that George Ellingwood rang the bell at the governor's door.

His summons at the door was answered by a girl, and he asked her if the governor was in.

She replied in the affirmative, and bade him walk in.

He was conducted to a well-furnished parlor, where the girl left him while she went to call her master.

At length the door opened, and a plainly dressed, middle aged man entered. His appearance was at once commanding and friendly, and he saluted his visitor with a graceful smile.

"You are the governor, I believe, sir," said George.

"Yes, and you are Mr. George Ellingwood, if I mistake not," returned the governor.

George started at the sound of that voice, and as he gazed more searchingly into his host's features he was moved by a strange sensation. The countenance was familiar, but where he had before seen it he could not think.

"Do you remember me?" asked the governor, with a smile.

"I have surely seen you before, sir," replied George, with much embarrassment; "but I cannot call the circumstance to mind."

"Ah! then you have come on business!"

"Yes, sir," said George, speaking with difficulty and hesitation; "I heard that the power had been left with you to employ a land agent, and that you have not yet made a selection."

"Ah! and you would like the berth?"

"Why—yes—yes, sir—if I could satisfy you of my qualifications."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Ellingwood."

As the governor thus spoke he turned and left the room.

George was not left long to puzzle his brain, for his host soon returned, and was followed by a female.

"This is my wife, Mr. Ellingwood. Perhaps she may solve the problem for you."

George Ellingwood trembled like an aspen. His mind went back over the space of half a score of years, and he remembered a scene that he had often since tried to forget.

"George," said the still beautiful woman, "I am happy to see you once more. It is a blessing I had not looked for."

George Ellingwood reached forth his trembling hand, and on the next moment his head was reclining upon the shoulder of his sister.

"O, Augusta! my dear, dear sister," he uttered, "this is the first resting place of pure joy I have found these ten years! I know that you will forgive and ever love me."

"Yes, George," returned the affectionate woman, still holding his hand, and gazing through her tears up into his face; "I cannot forget my deep love for you. Are your family here?"

"Alas! my sister, I have none left to me on earth but you. My children are dead long ago, and my poor wife has now joined them."

* * * * *

Allan Johnson had risen from post to post, working his way up upon his own manhood in the confidence and affections of the people, until now he stood at the head of the State.

George Ellingwood did not get the office he sought; but with the aid of his brother-in-law he gained a business that was far more lucrative, and he found a home beneath the roof of his patron.

He was once more in the society of his kind, gentle sister, and he began to live over again the days of his youth. But he could not forget the years of misery he had passed. He saw that Allan Johnson had an earthly heaven for his home, and that his sister was the very spirit of peace and joy.

Often he spoke to his sister of his former life, and would say:

"O, my sister, how truly you spoke. I was ignorant, but it was because I would not learn of you. You made the wise choice, and I the foolish one. You have lived long years of true, joyous life, while I have just learned life's first lesson. 'Tis strange how much man will suffer in bitter experience rather than be wise at first."

THE CHAMELEON.

DR. BACHELER, of India, has been keeping a family of chameleons, and watching their curious habits. The chameleon does not change its color always to match its surroundings, but its power to hide itself by a change of form is no less wonderful. In a normal state of rest, the color is a light pea green, at times blending with yellow. The least excitement causes transverse stripes to appear running across the back and nearly encircling the body. These stripes occupy about the same amount of space as the groundwork, and are most susceptible to change of color. At first they become deeply green, and, if the excitement continues, gradually change to black. When placed upon a tree, the groundwork becomes a deep green, and the stripes a deeper green or black, and so long as they remain on the trees the color does not change. Placed on the scarlet leaves of the dracæna, and among the red flowers of the acacia, no change was observed. But its changes of shape are still more remarkable. Sometimes it assumes the form of a disconsolate mouse sitting in a corner; again, with back curved and tail erect, it resembles a crouching lion, which no doubt gave origin to its name, chamai-leon, or ground lion. By inflating its sides it flattens its belly, and viewed from below takes the form of an ovate leaf. The tail is the petiole, while a white serrated line, which runs from nose to tip of tail over the belly, becomes the leaf's mid rib. Still again throwing out the air, it draws in its side, and at the same time expands itself upward and downward till it becomes as thin as a knife, and then viewed from the side it has the form of an ovate leaf which lacks a mid-rib, but the serrated line of the belly and the serrated back simulate the serrated edges of a leaf. When thus expanded it has also the power to sway itself so as to present an edge to an observer, thus greatly adding to its means of concealment. Half a dozen chameleons placed in a small tree, not three feet in diameter across the top, are very difficult to discover, although one is certain that they must be there. Dr. Bacheler used to tie bits of scarlet wool to their loins to make them visible. Concealment like this is practised by a number of our common American caterpillars, but its higher organization makes the fact in the chameleon far more curious.

GRIZZLY BEARS.—Californians tell a great many wonderful stories about the prowess and ferocity of the grizzly bear; and all agree that as a general thing, a bear is a very unpleasant stranger for a man to encounter in a lonely place. The best chance for escape in such a case is for a man to lie prostrate upon his face and pretend death; for a bear will not prey upon a body which he has not killed himself, unless upon the verge of starvation. An American miner, while prospecting in the mining regions, beheld one of these shaggy monsters approaching him down a mountain path. Finding that the animal was close at hand, and an attempt to fly being useless, he suddenly dropped upon all fours, and boldly advanced towards the bear. As soon as the two met, they put their noses together dog-fashion, and there went through all the formality of strange dogs meeting each other, not omitting the most minute ceremony, till Master Bruin, being satisfied with the civilities of his new acquaintance, bade him a very affectionate adieu, at a neighboring tree, and marched off.

Troy, which has 49,000 inhabitants, makes 3,290,000 dozens of cuffs and 188,000 dozens of shirts in a year.

Scientific and Useful.

TEST OF DIAMONDS.—As there has been so much controvery as to the best means of detecting a false diamond, one authority says that a fragment or splinter of sapphire, set in copper, as a test pencil, is the best instrument for proving diamonds. It will scratch all other stones, but will not mark the surface of a diamond.

COLORLESS INK.—A solution of 75 grammes of chlorate of potash, 150 grammes of aniline salt, and one milligramme of neutral chromate, with trace of ammonia, will produce an ink, which remains perfectly limpid and colorless, but any writing with that liquid, after a lapse of twenty-four hours, becomes a very fine black.

PROTECTING LEAD PIPE.—A leading French paper says that the interior of a lead pipe can be covered with an incrustation of sulphide of lead by making a concentrated solution of potash flow through it for ten or fifteen minutes. Pipes thus treated seemed to be covered with grayish varnish which prevents the water flowing through them from acting upon the lead.

COLOR BLINDNESS.—A new test is now proposed for Daltonism or color blindness. One-half of a disk is painted with a certain color and the other half is left white. The disk is then turned at a speed of from 60 to 150 revolutions per minute, and the color complimentary to that which had been painted on one-half appears on the white half. The ability to determine the complimentary color constitutes the test.

GLUE.—Carpenters should remember that fresh glue dries much more readily than that which has been once or twice melted. The finest ordinary glue, or that made from white bones, absorbs twelve times its weight of water in twenty-four hours; from dark bones the glue absorbs nine times its weight of water, while the ordinary glue, made from animal refuse, absorbs but three to five times its weight of water.

BOILER INCRUSTATIONS.—A writer in dealing with the subject of boiler incrustations in a recent paper, says that many nostrums had been brought forward as preventives which were absolutely worthless, if not positively injurious. After many trials, he was convinced that as all boiler-scales were principally composed of sulphate of lime, tribasic phosphate of soda, the "tripsa" of commerce was the best of all preparations, as it absorbed the carbonic acid in the water, and, acting on the sulphate of lime, precipitated it with the mud to the bottom of the boiler, whence the deposit can be removed easily.

MONITOR IMPROVEMENTS.—There are several decided novelties introduced in the construction of the British torpedo ram Polyphemus. The keel is made hollow for the reception of iron ballast, which, when let go, will cause the vessel to rise considerably in the water, and thus enable her to fight when her upper deck is shot away. Instead of the old marine boiler, 10 steel boilers of the locomotive type are to serve as steam generators, and they are to be capable of being worked up to 120 pounds to the square inch. The displacement of the ram is 2 600 tons, and the engines are designed to develop 5,500 horse-power. A speed of 17 knots an hour is expected.

Farm and Garden.

DRIVING HORSES.—Many a fine horse is ruined by driving him too fast immediately after a hearty meal. If the journey must be resumed without delay, the horse should be driven very slowly for a half hour or more, when the speed may be safely increased. A good horse is too valuable an animal to ruin by injudicious haste.

INSECTS ON CABBAGE.—A solution of an ounce of gum aloes, powdered, and a large tablespoonful of common soda, to each half-gallon of boiling water, is said to be useful in ridding young cabbage and other plants of insects, sprinkled from a can with a very fine rose, or in the case of but few plants from a rubber spraying bag.

MANURES.—Barn-yard manure must remain, for many years at least, the backbone of profitable farming. hence it should be guarded with special care. Manures should invariably be under cover, and in absence of proper shelter they should be protected by a thick coat of dry earth, road scrapings or sods and mold. Do not permit you most valuable aid to increased profits to blow off with every wind, or wash away with every rain.

VERMIN IN STOCK.—To remove lice from cattle or poultry, use diluted carbolic acid. A thick wash of quicklime applied to the walls and roosts of henneries, or an occasional smoking with the refuse of tobacco stems will destroy hen lice. For scab in sheep, dip them in a weak ooze made from the refuse of tobacco stems, and in a few days dip in a bath of strong soap suds made warm, with a small portion of flaxseed oil in it. A little flaxseed internally.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—Farmers who have money at command cannot easily put it in a more profitable investment than judicious outlay on their farms. Draining wet land is estimated to return from forty to eighty percent on the yearly cost. In the same way, good stock pays far better than poor; good fencing, well selected fruit trees, carefully looked-after homesteads, all repay the money laid out, and, besides all that, add immensely to the comfort of the occupier.

CHEESE.—In Saxony the farmers manufacture very good cheese from small parcels of milk by addition of potatoes. The potatoes are cooked, then mashed, and to eight pounds of potatoes two quarts of thick sour milk are added. Salt is added, then kneaded the same as bread dough. In four days it receives another kneading, and is separated into balls of four pounds each, pressed with the hand as compact as possible into small baskets, and dried in summer in the shade; in winter by the fire. When thoroughly dry the cheese is put into tin cans, sealed up, and set by for use, in a cool dry place.

SADDLE GALLS.—To prevent saddle galls the saddle should be lined with some smooth, hard substance. Flannel or woolen cloth is bad. A hard finished, smooth rawhide lining, similar to those of the military saddle, is preferable. Then, if the saddle is properly fitted to the horse's back there will be no galls unless the horse is very badly used. Galls should be washed with soap and water, and then with a solution of three grains of copperas or blue vitriol to one tablespoonful of water, which will harden the surface and help to restore the growth of the skin. White hairs growing upon galled spots cannot be prevented.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 28, 1879.

HOME TRAINING.

THERE comes a time between the school-girl life and the married life, which must be occupied in some fashion or other. It seems to us that this is just the period when a girl ought to undergo the training which is to fit her to take her place in the world as a useful member of society. Few girls are married directly after leaving school, and the few that are miss a very pleasurable period of woman's existence. To use the words of an old book of advice to women (the title of which we forget), they never know what it is to be in the position, and to have the consideration extended to "a grown up young lady." But this "grown up young lady" has also some work to do. To be merely in the position of waiting to be married, and in the meantime to be frittering away a good deal of valuable time, is foolish, and somewhat contemptible. While every woman has a right to think that she may be married, every woman should bear in mind that she may not; and young girls should be especially guarded against forming, during the period of "grown up ladyhood" habits of want of definite occupation, which will be difficult to get rid of if they are married, and will be far from conducive to cheerfulness and evenness of temper if they should be destined to become "old maids." Whatever may be the fate reserved for a girl, it can do her no harm, and may be of infinite service to her, that she should be acquainted with the details of house management. Of what advantage is it to the young mistress of a house that she can converse in three languages, and that she possesses the power of executing the most difficult of sonatas, if she knows nothing of the prices of articles of food, or of the quantities which ought to be consumed by a family consisting of so many members? When she begins to have her own key basket, and the power of ordering her dinners, and the engaging of servants, she ought not to be in ignorance of the duties of her maids, of [illegible] at which certain viands are in season, or of the prices which she ought to give for the articles in her store-room.

ALL those who are called to the tasks which involve thought and struggle, must have the opportunity of observing, as life goes on, how strangely the burden of toil seems to shift its place. What strange, blundering struggles it used to cost us to accomplish things which now we do almost unconsciously; how much more exhausting often was the bewilderment of groping our way and beating the air than the effort by which, later in life, we produce much more tangible results! It would often be an encouragement to the young if it were but possible to explain to them how necessary a foundation for future usefulness they may be laying while they seem to themselves to be merely finding themselves out in one mistake after another. If we reckoned the value of our work by its immediate results, most of the labor spent in youth would go for very little. Its chief effect is to pile up the mounds of failures, over which we may climb to a vantage ground for future activity.

SANCTUM CHAT.

WHEN Lady Herbert astonished all London by painting her house scarlet, it seemed as if all the householders about Belgravia Square had long cherished a secret desire to live in red houses, and had only waited for the example to be given. Now it has been given they are following it on every hand. Half a dozen houses within a stone's throw have come out in scarlet this season, and some of them have blackened their pillars and their door posts in a manner which leaves it doubtful whether they intend to appear Pompeiian or Mephistophelian.

—

AN Italian student declares that the fine perfumes of delicate flowers exercise a healthy influence on the atmosphere by converting the oxygen of the air into that powerful oxidizing, and, therefore, purifying agent, ozone. The essences found by him to produce the most ozone are precisely those which usage has selected as the most invigorating, such as cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel and bergamot. Anise, nutmeg, thyme, narcissus and hyacinth flowers, mignonette, heliotropes and lilies of the valley also develop ozone.

—

THE blue-glass mania, which has now almost disappeared, was not destitute of good results. It led to a great deal of scientific study of the influence of certain rays of light on animal and vegetable life. There is a paper on the subject in the *Comtes Rendus*, by a French experimenter. He found that the blue rays are least necessary in spring and winter, while the red rays are more requisite to sustain life and prevent too rapid developement. He notices the fact that most leaf-buds have a brown or reddish covering. Red glass, by withdrawing the blue rays, sustains while it enfeebles life; green glass, by intercepting the red rays, causes most plants to become weak, and ultimately to perish.

—

A COLD-BLOODED scientist has tried to analyze the significance and quality of laughter. He says: No doubt the sound of laughter is one of the very earliest and oddest of human cries. It is certainly an astonishing sound, and one that is very difficult to analyze without prejudice and a remote feeling of sympathy. The best way to study it that I know of, is to seize on opportunities when one is being constantly interrupted, say at one's club, in reading a serious book, by shouts of laughter from a party of strangers; one can then note the curious variety of spasmodic sounds produced, and marvel that men in the midst of rational conversation should be compelled by necessity to break off suddenly their use of language and find relief and enjoyment in the utterance of perfectly inarticulate and animal howls, like those of the "Long-armed Gibbon."

—

IT takes a pretty active man now-a-days to keep abreast of the tide of inventions. We read now that an Illinois genius is actually making hardwood lumber out of common wheat straw, with all effects of polish and finish which is obtainable on the hardest of black walnut and mahogony, at as little cost as clear pine lumber can be made up for. The samples he exhibits are exciting much attention among lumbermen. His process is briefly as follows: He takes as many straw boards as are required for the thickness needed, passes them through a chemical solution which softens the fibre, and then passes them through a succession of rollers, which dries, hardens and polishes them, leaving them dry lumber ready for use. The inventor claims that this process prevents water soaking, and makes his straw lumber combustible only in a hot fire. If this discovery proves a success, why mourn longer over the rapid destruction of forests!

—

THE Dead Letter Office at Washington reveals some curious facts, and one striking feature of its operations is the receipt of letters containing money and other valuables. Special efforts are made to return or forward them, and 60 per cent. of such letters are disposed of. Some letters containing small amounts, sent under fictitious names for improper purposes, and some communications sent to lottery dealers, after failing of delivery either through order of the Postmaster General, as in the latter case, or for other reasons, are refused by the senders, who disclaim all knowledge of them. About $700 in greenbacks and $1,000 in Government bonds are the largest amounts that have been taken from letters in recent years. Twelve thousand dollars is the largest amount that has ever been found in a single letter. A draft, unclaimed, and consequently bogus, found in one letter, was for $2,900,000. It is noticed that since the fractional currency has been retired, postage stamps to about the same amount have appeared in letters received.

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TRAVELERS, observing the likeness of children's games in Europe and Asia, have sometimes explained them thus: That the human mind being alike everywhere the same games are naturally found in different lands, children taking to hookey, tops, stilts, kites and so on, each in its proper season. But if so, why is it that in outlying barbarous countries one hardly finds a game without finding also that there is a civilized nation within reach from whom it may have been learned? And what is more, how is it that European children knew nothing till a few centuries ago of some of their now most peculiar sports? For instance, they had no battledoor or shuttlecock, and never flew kites till these games came across from Asia, when they took root at once and became naturalized over Europe. The origin of kite flying seems to lie somewhere in southeast Asia, where it is a sport even of grown-up men, who fight their kites by making them cut one another's strings, and fly birds and monsters of the most fantastic shapes and colors imaginable, especially in China, where old gentlemen may be seen taking their evening stroll, kite-string in hand, as though they were leading pet dogs. The English boy's kite appears thus an instance not of play instinct, but of the migration of an artificial game from a distant centre.

—

BERLIN has for some days been in festive humor, and the city a scene of gayety. The scene in the chapel on the celebration of the golden wedding was a striking one. In front of the lofty crucifix of gems the Emperor and Empress exchanged the rings of fifty years ago, and received the pathetic and impressive benediction of the officiating clergymen. Around them stood, with bowed heads, the guests. At the conclusion of the simple and touching ceremony a salute of 100 guns was thundered from the battery in the Lustgarten, the populace echoing the benediction in a sonorous cheer. The Emperor then returned to the White Hall and took his seat upon the throne. A profound sensation was caused by the cold, not to say slighting, reception given to Prince Bismarck by the Empress Augusta. The Emperor had greeted him with the greatest frankness, evidently wishing to show to those around him the confidence and regard which he entertained for his chief adviser. But the Empress, on the other hand, seemed as if she wished to show her dislike of the Prince by not only answering his obeisance in a very slighting manner, but by not even extending her hand to him, as she did immediately afterward, with gracious mien, to the veteran Von Moltke. The incident is causing much talk in Berlin, where it is known, however, that the Empress has long entertained a most bitter dislike to the Chancellor. But this is the first time that she has ever evinced her anger toward the Emperor's favorite in such a decided and striking manner.

—

A FOREIGNER may live for years among the Chinese and never notice any change to relieve the monotony of their dress. Yet, as a matter of fact, some variety, even of hat or shoes, is introduced almost annually. The fashionable cap is squarer or rounder at the top as the case may be; the shoes more or less pointed, or ornamented after some novel design. And so it is with fans, which are made of different material, and of different sizes for different seasons of the year in proportion to the quantity of breese required. In the "Miscellanies of the Western Capital" we read: "The fans of the Son of Heaven are, for the summer, feathers; for winter, of silk;" and in a poem by Ow-yang Hsiu occurs this line:

In the tenth moon the people of the capital turned to their warm fans.

At the present day the distinction between warm and cold fans can hardly be said to exist. Those for spring and autumn are smaller than those used in summer, reminding one of the old Roman luxury of summer and winter rings. It is also *mauvais ton* to be seen with a fan too early or too late in the year. There are, indeed, no days absolutely fixed for the beginning and end of the fan season, as in the case of the summer and winter hats worn by all employes of the government, and which are supposed to be changed simultaneously all over the empire; but Chinese custom has made it as ridiculous for a man to carry a fan before or after a certain conventional date as it would be with us to wear a white vest in March or November.

—

THE Greek and Roman epicures of old are said to have offered a reward for the invention of a new dish. After centuries of gastronomy, especially after the torture of culinary ingenuity we have had in the civilized world for the last two hundred years, it would hardly be thought that we should hit upon a novel delicacy in the capital of the New World. But we seem to have done so, the new thing being a familiar article in a new form—nothing less than a boiled lobster. The lobster has been eaten from time immemorial; it is believed to have been the *karabos* of the Greeks, and the *locusta* of the Romans; and always, as far as known, to have been boiled. Only within a few months has it occurred to some of the French cooks of New York—half a dozen *chefs* of different clubs and restauraunts claim to have been the originators of the dish—to broil the favorite shell-fish, which is now regularly placed upon a grid-iron, and, served piping hot, is greatly relished by all gourmets. The process of preparation is very simple. The fish is cut through the body, divided into equal parts, while alive, (this seems cruel, though it is not more cruel than boiling,) the claws cracked on the edge and put over the coals until the shell turns red. Then it is placed on the table, buttered, sprinkled with red pepper, and eaten. Broiled lobster is certainly much richer than boiled lobster—quite another dish, indeed—although there is between the two only the difference of a letter.

—

"THE Iron King of Wales," as Mr. Robert Crawshay, the Welsh millionaire, who has just died, was called, was a man who had filled, as his family predecessors in the famous Cyfarthfa Iron Works had filled, a large place in European trade. These great works were founded by a Crawshay more than a century ago, and their control descended from father to son, and uncle to nephew during all that period. He had employed at his iron and coal works about five thousand men, and, in all, families numbering twenty thousand persons were dependent upon him for their daily bread. Of the coal won but unworked on this splendid estate the possible yield is 2 500 tons per day, Robert Crawshay being content to work it at less than 980. When the last great strike in the iron and wool trade of South Wales took place a year or more ago, Mr. Crawshay closed his works, and they have only been partially reopened since. Crawshay vowed he would never give way to dictation; he would rather close his furnaces forever. Mr. Crawshay's hobbies were horticulture, photography, and—although he was "stone deaf"—music. His gardens and his studio were together; in the former he grew the finest fruits and flowers in Wales; in the latter he took or printed the best pictures in England. Some of his landscape photographs exhibited at the London exhibitions were voted superb by critical judges. He could not hear a sound, even when a drum was beaten at his ear, but he maintained a brass band that won all the Crystal Palace money prizes, in competition with all the bands which large premiums could bring together. He never could be brought to learn the dumb alphabet. Some people thought the Iron King morose, but others who knew him better found him an agreeable, amiable gentleman. Mrs. Crawshay, his wife, is also a person of distinction, widely known in England as a social reformer, especially as an advocate of woman's rights.

UNDER FOUR EYES.

BY T. B. B.

Sometimes you sing, and all at once the air
Is filled with wonder and a gracious beauty;
And sad thoughts flee, and men become aware
That work is prayer and life made fair by duty.
Sometimes you silent sit—a tender calm
Folds and envelops you in a mantle queenly;
Your smiling is a soothing and a balm,
Till weary ones take up their load serenely.
But sometimes, best of all, you talk to me—
To me—a man who am so far below you;
You open my blind eyes that I may see,
And my dim thoughts I am made bold to show you.
You sing to all the world that all may hear;
You smile on all, and life becomes less lonely;
But when you speak your voice is for my ear—
Your speaking is for me, my own, mine only

By the Sea.

BY YRAM.

CHAPTER I.

Life, believe, is not a dream so dark as sages say.
Oft a little morning rain foretells a pleasant day.
—CURRER BELL.

IT was a brilliant day in about the middle of July, and crowds of gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen were slowly wending their way along the Port of Boulogne-sur-mer, for the season was just at its height in this fashionable watering-place, to which so many English families resorted annually. There, also, were the usual motley though picturesque groups of old French women, with their white caps, or colored kerchiefs, and long gold earrings (the especial pride of their class,) eagerly watching for the arrival or departure of the packets sailors idly sauntering about, and nursemaids with their little charges, the most eager of spectators, for a steamer was at that moment setting off for Folkestone.

At the end of the gangway stood a young girl of apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, surrounded by some half-dozen companions, evidently school girls, from their incessant chatter, half French and half English, which a grave-looking governess in vain tried to keep within the bounds of decorum. They were taking an affectionate (though somewhat clamorous) farewell of their young schoolfellow, Eleanor Hammersley, who was returning home, having just finished her education. The final "goodbyes" and last words were so numerous, that the maid who accompanied her was in a perfect agony of fear that they would be left behind amongst those "heathenish foreigners," as she designated the French people. However, with a parting embrace to one tall French girl, who seemed to be her especial friend, the young lady did finally step lightly across the foot-rail on to the boat, just as the gong sounded for its departure.

For a few minutes she still stood waving a delicate cambric handkerchief, and casting wistful glances in the direction of the fast-receding shore, and then, when she could no longer distinguish her friends from the other figures there, she quietly ensconced herself in one corner of the deck, and drawing from her pocket a letter, in an exceedingly crumpled condition, she commenced reading it with a very decided pout upon her lips. As she read on, large tears filled her eyes, and they presently came splashing down in great blots on to the paper. They were, however, dashed indignantly away, and she went on reading her letter more quietly to the end.

Directly opposite her, and leaning against the side of the boat, smoking a cigar, stood a tall, fine looking man, who, from his bronzed features, was apparently returning from some warmer climate. He had been watching with some amusement the scene of leave taking, just enacted, and in the same manner he now continued to regard the pretty English girl who had taken so prominent a part in it, and who was, without doubt, quite worthy of notice. A slight *petite* figure, in a very simple muslin dress, revealing, however, the tiniest of feet clad in true Parisian shoes; large laughing grey eyes with dark curling lashes and delicately arched eyebrows; masses of heavy brown hair, worn, too, not in the conventional chignon, but in soft twists and plaits, wound round and round her head; a nose—well, yes, it must be confessed that the nose was just a trifle *retrousse*, but still very charming in its ways; sweet mobile lips, and a complexion fresh and fair as "morning roses newly washed with dew," completed about as pretty a picture as any one could well wish to see.

So apparently thought Captain Bruce, for the newspaper which he was ostensibly reading received but little of his attention, and the young lady in question a very great deal. Mentally, too, the anathematized the grave looking duenna, who, seated by her young mistress, kept a strict and uncompromising watch over the company in general, and wishing, very fruitlessly, as it seemed to him, for some opportunity of becoming acquainted. Fortune, however, favors the brave, or at all events that fickle dame did so on the present occasion, for by-and-by, some sudden thought apparently striking mistress and maid simultaneously, they moved away to the other side of the vessel, where their luggage was stowed away. As they did so, the wind, which was rather high, fluttered to the Captain's very feet the letter which he had just seen perused with such evident marks of disapprobation.

Captain Bruce mentally thanked his propitious star for this piece of good fortune, as he picked up and smoothed out the crumpled piece of note-paper, with the intention to do him justice of giving it to the fair owner, so soon as she should return to her vacated place. As he folded it up, however, he caught sight of a few words which caused him to start; and then, with a prolonged whistle, he committed what of course was a most unwarrantable action—he read the letter through. It ran thus:—

Albion House, Folkestone, July 17th, 18.—

"MY DEAR ELEANOR.—Thanks for your last letter of the 13th ult. which by the way was rather a short one. I fear that I shall be unable to fetch you home, as I usually do, for my last attack of gout has proved very obstinate, and I am still confined to my room. However, Dawson shall be at the Rue Montpensier at the time named in your note. And now, with reference to your question concerning Thomas Bruce. I this morning received a letter from him, in which he states that his regiment will probably arrive in England at the end of this month, so that no doubt he will wish your marriage to take place before Christmas. I thought that during your last vacation I had made plain to you my intentions in respect to this matter, and that the foolish rhodomontade of 'not marrying a person you could not love,' with which you favored me last year, had by this time quite forgotten; but since I perceive that it is not so, I wish you to understand that my mind is fully made up on the subject, and that no school girl's fancies will deter me from carrying out that determination.

"In the hope of a speedy meeting, believe me your affectionate father,

WILLIAM H. HAMMERSLEY."

On the other side of this epistle was a spirited caricature of an officer in full regimentals, with a very long moustache and an extremely vacant face, and underneath was inscribed in girlish characters, "Oh, Thomas, I love thee not.

The blood grew a shade deeper in the gentleman's bronzed face as he glanced at the caricature, and he exclaimed, somewhat excitedly, "By jingo, this, then, must be my little cousin herself! And not such a bad hit, after all!" Again he glanced at the drawing. "She has never seen me since she was a child of seven or eight years old either, so no doubt her reminiscences of the conceited young cornet are none of the most flattering. I must set my wits to work, and see what can be done," he still soliloquised, "for the little beauty is worth captivating;" and so saying, he hastily consigned to his pocket the offending letter, as Eleanor Hammersley again took up her station opposite him. This time, however, she glanced at him as she passed, and reading perhaps the involuntary admiration in his eyes, she hastily looked away again, and was soon busy with some light fancy work, which she drew from her bag.

Meanwhile Captain Bruce contrived to seat himself a little nearer, where he could watch her movements unseen. "Dawson," he heard her say, presently, "Dawson, do you remember my cousin Thomas Bruce?"

"Oh yes, Miss Eleanor," replied Dawson, with a start, for she had been indulging in a short nap—"I mind him well. He was one of the most troublesome young urchins under the sun." Pleasant for the captain,—but eavesdroppers, proverbially, hear little good of themselves.

"What was he like?" again demanded the young lady.

"Well, miss, it's a good many years since I have seen Mr. Thomas; but, as far as I can remember, he was a thick set young fellow, with red hair."

The captain stroked his tawny moustache. "Well, said he, *sotto voce*, "I didn't think it was red."

"Hateful wretch!" said Eleanor Hammersley, with some emphasis. "I almost wish, Dawson, only I suppose it would be wicked, that something may happen to him on the road,—anything to prevent his coming home."

"Law, Miss Eleanor, what in the world can make you say that?" was the reply, in a very sympathising voice; and very soon the whole history of Eleanor's grievances was poured into her old nurse's ears, receiving, as may be imagined, their full share of condolences, and lasting until the white cliffs of Folkestone loomed in sight; and then Bruce, getting up from his hiding place, went to seek his servant, and to countermand the orders he had already given him respecting his luggage, which he now directed to be sent to the Pavilion, instead of to Albion House, their previous destination. This done, he returned to his post of observation.

Eleanor was in some difficulty about one of her trunks, which she had forgotten to label, and seeing that she looked rather frightened at the rough way in which one of the men was speaking to Dawson, Captain Bruce approached the group, and, lifting his hat, he said, "Will you allow me to settle this matter for you?" Eleanor bowed, and thanked him, thinking at the same time, what an extremely handsome man he was; and having quite won Dawson's heart by the summary manner in which he disposed of their difficulty, nothing was easier than to drift into a few words of conversation.

"What a delicious day for traveling!" he remarked, as they neared the pier.

Eleanor raised her eyebrows slightly, for at that precise moment the full rays of the sun were scorching down on them, threatening a speedy destruction to her delicate complexion, anything but a pleasant position to a lady. However, she replied, demurely enough, that she found it rather warm.

He smiled at her implied criticism, saying, "Well, I suppose one must become a perfect salamander to enjoy such heat; but after five or six years residence in India, one becomes inured to it, and in fact learns to like it."

Eleanor felt sorry that the conversation was so soon interrupted by their arrival at Folkestone, where Mr. Hammersley's valet being in readiness to receive them, prevented any further need of the captain's assistance. Quite enough had been done, however, to create a favorable impression, and the imaginary comparisons which Eleanor drew, as the carriage rolled her homewards, between this gentlemanly, good-looking stranger and her unfortunate cousin, were most unfavorable to the latter.

CHAPTER II.

His own opinion was his law.—SHAKESPEARE.

MR. HAMMERSLEY, Eleanor's father, was a touchy, irritable old gentleman, too old, many people said, to have the management of a young girl like Eleanor. He had married, late in life, a sweet, delicate girl, just twenty years his junior, who died some two or three years after their marriage (reports said worn out with constant worry,) leaving Eleanor, then a baby about six months old, whom Dawson, Mrs. Hammersley's faithful maid, had taken under her especial care, and indeed loved as a child of her own.

Mr. Hammersley was a man accustomed to rule everybody with a "rod of iron." His own sovereign will and pleasure must be the first consideration, and to contradict him, in however small a matter, was looked upon as an act worse than criminal. Little love is to be gained by such a disposition as this, and how much pleasure is lost by such a disregard to others' hopes and feelings! The one soft place in his heart was reserved for his little daughter, whom he indulged in every whim and fancy. Fortunately the child inherited all her mother's sweetness of disposition as well as her great beauty, and thus much of the indulgence left her unharmed. However, when she was about six years of age, Mr. Hammersley was recommended to send her for her education to an English lady whom he had known in former days, and who was now residing at Boulogne. Strange to say, the advice was taken, and thither Eleanor was sent, much against her inclination.

Mrs. Graham, however, soon succeeded in winning her young charge's heart, and making her feel at home with her young companions. Very wisely, too, she trained the child, making her feel that there was something better and higher to live for than the selfish gratification of her own wishes, and leading her gently to better thoughts and ways. For nearly eight years she remained there; and this, as has been seen, was her last term. In her heart she half regretted that the many happy days spent there was over, never to return, particularly as, during her last vacation, there had arisen this talk of an engagement with her cousin, Thomas Bruce, whom she had not seen since she, a child of seven, had heartily detested the conceited youth, just entering the Army, who had taken a special delight in teasing his little cousin. He was the only son of Mr. Hammersley's favorite sister, who had been dead some years; and it was her brother's most cherished wish to see Eleanor united to his nephew.

So far, all had gone satisfactorily. Captain Bruce had been in India for the last few years with his regiment, and had acquiesced in the arrangements made for him, probably without much thought; at all events, he was coming home with the express intention of selling out of the Army, and settling down quietly, and thinking, in his ignorance, that he might as well marry one person as another.

Mr. Hammersley never dreamed of Eleanor's raising any objection to his commands; and he well knew that she was too good a daughter to set him openly at defiance. Indeed her affection was too great for that; but with what secret dread the poor child looked forward to her coming home, and the events which were likely to follow it, she herself only knew. However, the first meeting passed over much more pleasantly than she had expected, and without any trying allusions, so that she joyously put off the thought of it for future consideration.

Meanwhile Captain Bruce had quietly ordered and partaken of a substantial repast at the Pavalion, and having disposed of the first important item, he proceeded to light a cigar (that panacea to all masculine woes,) and as he strolled leisurely along the cliff, to ruminate over his discovery of the morning, and the best way of overthrowing his pretty cousin's prejudice.

It is not pleasant to hear yourself stigmatised as a "hateful wretch," especially by the lips of a pretty girl, and one, moreover, from whom you feel you have deserved better things. Inwardly, the Captain vowed a summary and speedy vengeance, as he turned over in his mind the best way of prosecuting his design. Here, again, fortune favored him, for he presently caught sight of a familiar face in the shape of a Mrs. Grainger, an old lady who had known and loved his mother, and whom he knew also to be a friend of Mr Hammersley's. He was not long in introducing himself, and with some difficulty she recognised in the bronzed, bearded man before her, the son of her old friend.

Captain Bruce presently confided his tale to her, and the old lady, who was a most inveterate matchmaker, entered into it *con amore*. Between them they soon succeeded in planning a trap for the unsuspicious Eleanor, which Mr. Hammersley's confinement to the house rendered the more easy of fulfilment. Captain Bruce presently returned to his hotel, well satisfied with the evening's work, and in his dreams that night was strangely haunted by a pair of sweet gray eyes, and a slim, girlish figure, the possessor of them.

CHAPTER III.

If music be the food of love, play on.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Maples, Mrs. Grainger's pretty residence, was brilliantly illuminated both within and without, in pleasant contrast to the stormy night and roaring, white crested waves, which ever and anon came dashing far over the rocks. The house was pleasantly situated just out of the town, commanding a fine view of the sea, but at the same time having the advantage, unusual to seaside places, of a large garden, which was turned to the very best account by its wealthy owner. Though without children of her own, on whom to expend her great riches, Mrs. Grainger did not selfishly hoard up her money, as is sometimes the case. On the contrary, it was her greatest delight to see young people around her, and to give them any enjoyment in her power. She had resided in Folkestone for nearly twenty years, and was equally beloved by both young and old in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Grainger's "at homes," for dancing, croquet, or music, of which she always gave several during the season, were looked forward to by many a pretty young girl. Eleanor Hammersley was one of her warmest admirers; and what was perhaps more to the purpose, she was also a great favorite of Mr. Hammersley's; so that when, a few days after the events related in the last chapter, she called and invited Eleanor to stay with her for a few days, in order to be present at one of her little parties, the invitation was accepted with great pleasure by both, Mr. Hammersley being only too glad to intrust his daughter to such an efficient *chaperone*.

On the evening in question the old lady expected a much larger number of guests than usual, and indeed she had quite surpassed herself in the arrangement of her rooms for their reception. Everything that taste could suggest, or money procure, had been abundantly supplied. The conservatory, which extended the whole length of the two drawing-rooms, was filled with choice ferns and flowers, perfuming the air with their fragrance. Brilliantly lighted, not only by the chandeliers, but by brackets in every available corner, the handsome rooms appeared to their best advantage, and Mrs. Grainger might well feel satisfied with the effect of her work. Not the least of her triumphs—and triumphs, be it remarked, which she fully enjoyed—was the introduction of Eleanor Hammersley, whose toilette she had superintended for this her first ball, with as much anxiety as a mother could have done; and a smile of gratification played over her features as her *protegee* entered the room. Mr. Hammersley had given *carte blanche* in the matter of dress, only stipulating that it should only be composed entirely of white—very becoming to a fresh complexion such as Eleanor's, and therefore it met with no opposition. A white silk dress, setting off her slight figure to the best advantage, with a covering or ruffling of white net, had been her choice. This was looped up with bouquets of stephanotis and maidenhair fern, which Mrs Grainger had robbed her greenhouse to obtain, and tiny clusters of the same flower nestled in her hair. Excitement had given a delicate flush to her face and very pretty it made her,—quite sufficiently so to attract even the most fatidious,—at least so thought her *chaperone*, as she smilingly placed in her hand a beautiful boquet of white flowers.

The best musicians were of course in

attendance; and, as they struck up one of Strauss's inspiriting waltzes, Captain Bruce entered the room, and soon made his way to Mrs. Grainger's side. Eleanor had just finished a rather stately quadrille with an extremely quiet partner, and was anxiously wishing for something a little more exciting, wondering to whom, amongst the throng of people, Mrs. Grainger would introduce her. Almost as if divining her thoughts, that lady at the same moment appeared at her side, introducing our hero as Captain Field (his second name,) an old friend of hers, just returned from India.

In some confusion Eleanor recognised her acquaintance of a few days before; for the handsome stranger had occupied her thoughts more than she would have cared to acknowledge, and therefore very quietly she accepted his offered arm. However, the constraint soon vanished as they joined the dances, and she was soon whirling round and round with the greatest enjoyment. That waltz of Strauss's was certainly one of the best ever written, or Eleanor and her partner were in the precise mood for enjoying it. Certain it is, that they must likewise have found it very fatiguing, for the promenade in that deliciously cool conservatory lasted until the next dance was nearly over.

All Eleanor's forebodings and fears of her absent cousin were forgotten as completely as though he had never existed, while she listened to Captain Field's amusing stories of Indian life; whilst he on his side was completely fascinated by the bright girlish face and figure by his side. Ere he resigned her to the next partner, the initials, "T. F.," might have been seen dotting her programme at intervals.

Mrs. Grainger was a most obliging *chaperone*, for she left the two young people very much to their own devices; and after watching amusedly for a few moments the apparent success of her scheming, she turned her attention to the rest of her guests.

"I am sure you must be tired, Miss Hammersley, with such incessant exercise as I have seen you undergoing," said Captain Bruce, as he came to claim Eleanor's hand for the third or fourth time; "shall we not rest quietly this dance instead? There is a charming little alcove just at the end of the conservatory."

Eleanor acquiesced in this arrangement, and thither they repaired, followed by the gaye trains of "The Queen of the Ball."

"You are staying with Mrs. Grainger, are you not?" was the first inquiry. "What a dear old lady she is!"

"Is she not? Yes, I am going to remain here for a few days. I always enjoy my visits to her so much," replied Eleanor.

"I hope, then, I may have the pleasure of meeting you again soon, for Mrs. Grainger has very kindly given me an invitation to dinner while I remain here, and most decidedly I shall avail myself of it now."

To this communication, accompanied by an expressive glance, Eleanor's only reply was a slight increase of color, but this apparently satisfied her companion's expectations, for he did not make any further remark, but sat quietly enjoying his position until—the dance being ended—their retreat was instantly invaded, and for the rest of the evening he was obliged to content himself with the one dance before supper, which he had taken care to secure for himself, and after that to resign Eleanor to the rest of her admirers and they were not a few, who had already looked on this stranger's monopoly with some jealousy.

Never was a first ball more enjoyed than by Eleanor, and Mrs. Grainger smiled as her young friend enthusiastically thanked her for the pleasure she had given her. She was quite contented to have so enjoyed it without too strictly analysing the reason for it, and with a girl's lightheartedness putting off all disagreeable thoughts and forebodings of the future.

After that evening Captain Field became a constant visitor at The Maples. Poor Mrs. Grainger's task which she had undertaken was really no sinecure. One day she would be persuaded to venture on a sail—to her great terror—but this she was too good natured to let the young fellow perceive; another time there would be an excursion planned to some place in the neighborhood, when Mrs Grainger would drive there in her carriage, and Eleanor go on horseback, escorted of course by Captain Field. All very pleasant, but at the same time rather a dangerous amusement as Eleanor would ere long find out. Still from day to day, these meetings went on; for even when Eleanor returned home Mr. Hammersley being still confined to the house, she was very glad to accept of Mrs. Grainger's chaperonage, and, whether with that lady or with the favorite Dawson, the captain invariably joined them in their walks. Still there came no tidings—to Mr. Hammersley's great astonishment—of Eleanor's *bete noir*, Thomas Bruce, whose arrival—for reasons very easily to be understood—was each day looked forward to with increasing aversion.

CHAPTER IV.

The Echo of the Waves.

ONE bright sunny morning, about two or three weeks after her return home, Eleanor was slowly making her way up the shingle; rather a fatiguing operation at the best of times, and more especially under the hot noonday sun. She was returning from bathing, and her hair hung down below her waist in a curly tangled mass, which was far from unbecoming. Quite without her usual spirits this morning, she made her way very slowly, for Mr. Hammersley had at length received a letter from his truant nephew, stating that "various circumstances had combined to prevent his joining his relations before, but that he might be expected during the ensuing week."

Eleanor was pondering over this communication, with bent brow, when she was interrupted in her reverie by the appearance of Captain Field—a not very unusual occurrence at this particular time in the day. He very soon persuaded her to retrace her steps, and the two presently wandered away along the shore, for it was quite low tide. However, Eleanor's answers to the Captain's incessant conversation were given quite without her usual sparkling repartee, which fact was presently remarked by her companion.

"Why, Miss Hammersley," said he, "what is amiss? You look quite ill this morning. Is anything the matter?"

The tears rushed to Eleanor's eyes, as they were very ready to do that day; and she answered, somewhat involuntarily, that she had a bad headache, and did not feel in quite her usual spirits.

This, however, did not satisfy Captain Field; and a few more inquiries, made in that same melodious, sympathising voice, presently succeeded in drawing from her the fact of her cousin's projected visit,—how distasteful in prospect, he might judge from her voice.

"But what is the matter with this unfortunate cousin?" said Captain Field, laughingly. "Perhaps the poor fellow will not be such a bore as you seem to imagine. You may like him very much, you know, when you see him. It is best not to meet troubles half way."

Something in this speech jarred on Eleanor's feelings, for she answered rather petulantly, "Oh, very likely I shall, when I see him, Captain Field."

The captain looked a little amused as he noted her flushed face and evident annoyance. However, he said no more, and they walked on in almost absolute silence, until Eleanor made a movement to return.

"Oh, stay a little longer, and enjoy this beautiful morning," pleaded Captain Field. "We may not have many more such opportunities if this cousin you speak of is really going to be so very disagreeable."

This plea was apparently a successful one, for, after a little more persuasion, Eleanor again turned, and they walked far away till separated from other pleasure seekers by a turn in the cliff. Then they sat down to rest on a projecting rock, which seemed placed there for that very purpose. Eleanor was still very silent, and sat tracing mystic hieroglyphics in the soft sand with the tip of her parasol. Her companion too sat very contentedly for some minutes, watching the pretty half-averted face. Perhaps the tinge of sadness in that downcast look did not please him, for he presently drew from his breast pocket Mr. Hammersley's unfortunate letter, which he had carefully preserved and laying it in Eleanor's hands, he said, with a mischievous smile; "Miss Hammersley, do you remember this? It has been on my conscience to return it you for some time past, but I had not courage to confess my sins."

Eleanor's very temples became crimson, for, whether by design or accident, her unfortunate caricature lay uppermost, and even without the glance which she cast at Captain Field, some suspicion of the truth began to dawn on her.

"Where did you find this, Captain Field? You have not read it?" she said, in great confusion.

Spite of his usual *sang froid*, the captain began to feel a little nervous as he realised for the first time how great the stakes were for which he was playing, and how deeply his heart was in the result.

"I have a confession to make respecting that letter, Miss Hammersley," he began; "one that I feel should have been made long ago; but when you hear the temptation which I had to conceal it, I trust there will be found in your mind 'extenuating circumstances.' Unfortunately, Mr. Hammersley's letter to you fell into my hands, and, as I now know and feel, I acted in a most unjustifiable way towards you, for I read it through; and from that and a few words of yours which I may as well confess to have overheard, I found that for some reason or another you were most cruelly prejudiced against this unknown cousin. Having once seen you, can you blame me very much for trying to create a more favorable impression before I introduced myself to you under my own name? Eleanor," and the voice became earnest now, "will you forgive the deception I have practised towards you, and try to care a little for the cousin, who I fear has, after all, behaved very badly to you. My pretty one, look up, and tell me that you forgive me."

But Eleanor's face was completely hidden from him. The remembrance of all she had said on that wretched day came back too vividly, and she buried her face in her hands, longing, how anxiously! to get away from his questioning.

This was evidently not what Captain Bruce either expected or wished,—and he stroked his moustache in some perplexity. Presently, however, he made another effort, and softly insinuating one arm round Eleanor, he with his other hand gently drew away her fingers into his own keeping, saying as he did so, "Why Eleanor, am I really such a hateful object, that you never mean to speak to me again?"

The shy eyes glanced for a moment at his handsome face bending over her, and reading perhaps in it that her opprobrious appellations had not sunk very deep after all, she gained a little courage, and said, with a laughing glance, "Really, Captain Bruce, if I were not to speak to you again, I think it would only be what you deserve. How could you play me such a trick?"

"Am I to get my deserts, then? or shall we mutually forgive and forget?" was the reply, "and for the future not jump quite so easily at damaging conclusions?"

Apparently Eleanor had no objection to this arrangement, for the compact was sealed in a way which, though not strictly speaking "official," was still no doubt quite as binding.

The murmur of the waves fell on unconscious ears after that, and time flew by unheeded. When they were at length aroused by the chimes of a clock, Captain Bruce said, as they rose from their seat, "Confess now, Nelly, that your mind is relieved of a great burden, since you have seen, or rather known, your 'hateful cousin.'"

"Oh Tom, it is really too bad to tease me any more about that unfortunate remark of mine," returned Eleanor. "But you know," she added, mischievously, "truth is truth, though not always pleasant to hear of oneself."

Mr. Hammersley's luncheon was kept waiting some time that day; indeed it was so late when Eleanor and her companion arrived at Albion House, that she begged Captain Bruce to defer his explanation till the next day. This, however, did not at all meet the gentleman's views, and they finally compromised the matter by agreeing to wait until the evening. Mr. Hammersley being in a more amiable frame of mind after dinner. Fortunately, on this particular evening he was more agreeable than usual, and received his nephew's explanation, if not quite disapprobation, yet without the lecture which Eleanor had dreaded. Mrs. Grainger's delight at the successful *denouement* of her little plot was unbounded; and not many weeks later, the old lady assisted at a pretty wedding, in which Eleanor and Captain Bruce took the prominent parts. Since that event, though they have not been exempt from trouble and anxiety, yet, through storm or sunshine, Eleanor and her husband had never cause to regret that morning which they spent together by the "sad sea waves."

Use of Salt.—In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed colic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water, drink it, and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a very heavy fall, etc. In an appoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remains to allow of swallowing; water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from his lethargy. In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of bleeding at the lungs, when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood. In cases of bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, then bind on some salt with a rag. In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine. If the teeth be covered with tartar, wash twice a day with salt and water. In swelled neck, wash the part with brine, and drink it twice a day, also, until cured. Salt will expel worms, if used in the food in a moderate degree, and aids digestion, but salt is injurious if used much.

Perfumes With the Greeks.—The Greeks carried sachets of scent in their dresses, and filled their dining-rooms with fumes of incense. Even their wines were often impregnated with decoctions of flowers, or sweet-scented flowers themselves, such as roses and violets. The luxurious Athenians resorted to effeminate refinements of luxury, anointing pigeons with a liquid perfume, and causing them to fly loose about a room, scattering the drops from their feathers over the heads and garments of those who were feasting beneath.

PRECIOUS CORAL.

THE precious coral of commerce is, after pearls, the handsomest and most valuable production obtained from the ocean depths. Corals are ranged by naturalists in the animal kingdom at the head of zoophites or "animal plants." Most of these, with other so called corals, are to be seen in the shop of nearly every dealer in shells and natural history specimens, and are used for ornamenting chimney-pieces, drawing room tables, cabinets, and for museum purposes. The organ-pipe coral being much cheaper in price than the more costly article, presently to be spoken of, is frequently used as its representative in cabinets of economic products.

The coral which is alone used for articles of personal adornment and works of art is known as "precious coral." It is mostly obtained in the Mediterranean, and occurs of different shades of color, the Barbary coast furnishing the dark red, Sardinia the yellow or salmon color, and the coast of Italy the rose pink. In Europe the latter color is the most valued, while in the East the dark red is preferred. Occasionally the red coral is found white or without any coloring matter. At Yeddo there is a black coral fishery which extends fifty miles north and south. From taking a fine polish the black is fashioned into beads and mouth pieces for cigars. The dull white is not quite so hard, and from not polishing well is sold cheaper.

Coral presents to the fisherman the appearance of a branching shrub, of a red or rose color, compact and solid. The material has the hardness and brilliancy of agate; it polishes like gems and shines like garnet, with the tints of the ruby. The large branches are used for carving, and, as the material is durable and is well suited to give definite outlines to the sculptor's work, great labor and ingenuity are frequently expended on objects of art wrought in this material. The Chinese, Hindoos, and Cingalese have all tried their skill in carving coral, but the finest and most artistic work emanates from the Italian workshops of Naples, Genoa, and Leghorn. Much of the manufacturing process, grinding, drilling, and polishing is carried on by women. The working of beads is principally executed by the females. All the operatives employed in cutting belong to about 100 families in one commune, those in piercing and rounding to about 60 families living in other parts of the same valley. Every village works exclusively at beads of a fixed size.

Large, perfect, well shaped beads are by far the most valuable form of coral, and these have greatly increased in estimation of late years. Many of the fines are sent to China where they are in demand for the Mandarin's red button of rank worn on the cap. Some of the natives of India have a preference for what may be called worm eaten beads, and tons of these, which would not find a sale in Europe, go to the East, where they are esteemed from a superstitious belief that gods dwell in the little recesses or cavities of this coral.

Connoisseurs know that of late years coral has risen considerably in the estimation of the fair sex. A somewhat arbitrary standard of beauty has, however, been established in regard to the color. Coral, to be rare and valuable, must now be of a delicate pinkish, flesh like hue, uniform in tint throughout, and in large pieces. The principal commercial varieties distinguished are red, sub divided into deep crimson red, pale red, and vermillion (the latter rare) black, clear white, and dull white (the latter common). The delicate rose or flesh-colored, which is most prised, is sold at very high prices, as it is entirely a fancy article. In some countries red coral is classified by dealers into five grades: 1, froth of blood; 2, flower of blood; 3, 4, 5, blood of first, second, and third qualities. Coral is valued, in addition to its color, according to its bulk, soundness, and freedom from flaws. Certain rare kinds, of pale tints, are worth twenty times their weight in pure gold.

Trials by Jury.—It is probably not generally known that, when the jury retire to consider their verdict, they are kept without meat, drink, fire, or candle, unless by permission of the judge, until they are unanimously agreed, in order to avoid, we are told, intemperance and causeless delay. Blackstone remarks this "method of accelerating unanimity was not wholly unknown in other constitutions of Europe, and in matters of great concern; for, by the Golden Bull of the Empire, if, after the Congress is opened, the electors delay to election of a king of the Romans for thirty days, they shall be fed with bread and water till the same is accomplished. The jury being denied the use of candles is referred to an ancient canon enjoining that they could not exercise an honest judgment during the night.

The memorial slab to Bayard Taylor presented to Cornell University by the graduating class, was unveiled in Sage Chapel, Ithaca, a few days ago.

Queen Victoria has seen three score years. Now for the other ten. She has been a sovereign forty-two years.

MY SWEETHEART.

BY J. P.

That one and one make really two—
Most people will acknowledge true;
Yet even to this rule we find
Exception dear to lover's mind;
Thus, you and I, and I and you,
Are one and one, and still not two;
Least, so to me the figures run,
For surely, darling, we are One!

Supper Party in China.

THERE is very little amusement to be found at Pekin. For Europeans, above all, diversion of any kind is almost totally lacking; and on one occasion, in order to secure it, I had to transform myself into a Chinese for the night. The intense heat had led me to shave my head, after the fashion of the bonzes, so that the worst was over, and all that was necessary was to complete my toilette.

"Wang," that was the name of my boy, "bring me the trousers," and Wang, silent as usual, helps me to plunge into a floating sea of silk. "Wang, the sash," and the sash is twisted round my waist, with the ends floating loose. The leggings of sky-blue silk, fitting tight at the ankles, reach to the knees, and are kept up by ribbons fastened to the girdle. Over these come white-cotton socks, and beautiful boots of black velvet, embroidered with flying bats, with turned up toes and pasteboard soles an inch and a half in thickness. A short shirt of white silk, reaching to the waist, comes next; and then the long transparent tunic ornamented with numerous dragons. Wang now smilingly gums a false pigtail, a yard long, on to my poor shaven crown.

With a fan in my hand, and a pipe with tobacco pouch thrust into my boots, I attain the height of Chinese elegance. A shagreen spectacle-case dangles from my topmost button, and the round glasses of the spectacles themselves placed astride my nose impart to me somewhat of the appearpearance of an owl.

Altogether the get-up is perfect; and if the skin of my head and neck is rather white for a Chinese, this will very likely pass unnoticed.

I raise my arms majestically, roll up my long full sleeves, and try to walk slowly and with measured steps.

"Imitate a duck," says Wang.

"That s it," I say to myself in order to keep up my courage.

The effect of the costume is singular, for these silk stuffs are so light that one scarcely feels them upon one's body, and I seem to be clad only in a pair of boots, a pair of spectacles, and a false pigtail. There is all the same sensation of coolness and undress as on coming out of a bath.

The question now is how to get into a box measuring a yard each way, and perched upon two wheels. With the aid of a bench, upon which I mount, and a good deal of pushing and pulling, I am at length squeezed into it.

Wang and the driver perch themselves upon the shafts with their legs hanging down, and the vehicle starts.

We follow a lane running eastward. The distant sky is golden tinted from the setting sun

Naked to the waist, the coolies and outdoor traders walk slowly along; a rich mandarin passes in a sedan; some fat tradesmen in front of their shops gaze at us as we pass with an indifferent air, and do not even turn their heads to find out whether I am a fair skinned Chinese or a European in Chinese costume.

The sun sinks slowly, thunder rumbles in the distance, and clouds gather thickly overhead. The foot passengers commence to hurry; the clerks, returning from their stores in groups of four or five, waddling and chatting with one another, hail drivers, who have suddenly become very exacting with regard to fares. The poorer people tuck up their trousers and take off their shoes, which would come to pieces in the wet. Another clap of thunder, and the rain pours down in torrents.

The foot passengers disappear. It is dark, the storm keeps increasing in violence, and wet begins to come in through the roof.

"Here we are," says my servant, and not a moment too soon.

He knocks at the door, which is opened by an old woman, and we are led through a couple of courtyards. I reach a reception room, and hear stifled laughter in the adjoining apartment, which is simply shut off by a curtain. What is this mystery?

A little Chinese girl enters smiling, offers me tea, and deigns to take a cup in company with me, on the traditional Chinese sofa table.

It is the hour when, on fine evenings, grave individuals with long pigtails may be seen traversing the gloomy lanes of the Chinese city in search of their ideal; therefore I am not particularly astonished at learning from the lips of my charming companion, Miss Perfumed Jade, that my intimate friend, Loutalou, the grave man of letters, known throughout the empire for the wonderful elegance with which he can illustrate a fan with a pretty landscape or a poetical autograph, is close by, in company with other grave *literati* and some ladies.

I am soon at home among them and the repast was charming. What dishes, bowls, and plates there were! Birds'-nest soup, sharks'-fin soup, chicken-broth, lapwings'-eggs soup, and countless other dishes, all cooked to perfection; from the fish with sharp sauce to the apricot kernel milk, and the sweet salad of young radish tops.

Loutalou offered me with his chop sticks a piece of roast duck. I reciprocated the politeness by taking now from the dish, now from my plate, pieces of fowl or pork, and placing them on his. "A preserved Canton orange for Miss Perfumed Jade," a water chestnut for another lady; for each guest, if he wishes to be polite, must pass half his time in heaping up his neighbors' plates with different kinds of food, and accepting all that is offered him in return.

At the close of the repast Miss Perfumed Jade was graciously requested to sing. She took a guitar and at once commenced. The song was divided, like many others, into five parts, corresponding to the five watches of the night.

"At the first watch a young girl, unknown to her father and mother, leaves the house. But, alas, the moment is not well chosen, for her lover is not awaiting her at the trysting place. In her needless haste to join him, her red shoes embroidered with flowers have got torn on the way."

"During the whole of the second watch she looks and listens anxiously for her beloved. At length she hears his approaching footsteps, and soon his arm is around the young girl's little waist. Pacing up and down in loving unison, they exchange with each other words of tender endearment."

"At the third watch the lovers sigh, for the time has at length arrived for them to part. He embraces her with rapturous passion, and she surrenders herself quite willingly to his caresses. Doubtful when they will be able to meet again, they feel very loth to separate, and seek to prolong the sweet maddening moments."

At the conclusion of this verse the old servants bring opium-pipes and a supply of the drug itself, black and sticky like melted pitch, in little shells. The lamps, or rather the night-lights, with the pale and diminutive flame of which the opium is prepared, are lighted and placed on little tables, on which a smoker of one or the other sex stretches him or herself along the hard cushions of the couch, with a pillow placed under the neck.

Miss Perfumed Jade resumes her song:

"At the fourth watch the young girl struggles gently to disengage herself, in order that she may leave; while her lover tries all he can to detain her, saying, 'We have been so very happy;' to which she replies, 'Your little girl loves only you.'"

"At the fifth watch she returns home, and hears her father and mother coughing, with no one to attend upon them. She softly mounts the stairs, and, with her elbows on the sill of her bedroom window, turns her looks now towards the earth, now towards the sky. 'When the third moon of spring comes he and I will meet again, and again be happy.'"

I thank Miss Perfumed Jade for her charming song. The other ladies are preparing the pipes of the guests; they dip a silver pin into the opium, broil this first coating in the flame of the lamp, shape it with their slender fingers, and continue to take up, broil, knead, and equalize each successive coating, until there is a sufficient quantity, when they introduce it by the aid of the pin into the little bowl of the pipe. The opium remains, and the pin being withdrawn leaves an opening for the smoke. The ladies take several whiffs each time they light a new pipe before holding it to the lips of the gentlemen, who gradually begin to doze off into a beatified and oblivious state.

The atmosphere heavy with opium-smoke, the supper, the champagne, my Chinese dress, the song, Miss Perfumed Jade sunk to sleep in her chair with her head resting on my shoulder, altogether completely trouble my ideas. I vaguely remember that I am a counterfeit Chinese; and I fall asleep, dreaming of the little torn shoes, and of the love-making of this pair of Celestial turtle-doves.

LEPROSY AND THE JEWS.—Egypt was in ancient times the chief seat of this most malignant and horrible of diseases, which as a poison in the blood descended from parent to child with a frightful persistence; and the Israelites, in their crowded and servile condition, must have been peculiarly liable to contract it and carry its fatal germs in their desert wanderings. Hence the necessity, to their properous development, of hedging it round with the most stringent restrictions, and by the laws of uncleanness and separation checking its spread through intermarriages between the healthy and the tainted. Of course, we are not precluded from seeking a religious meaning underlying these sanitary ordinances and the proper treatment of leprosy as a disease of the body became a type of the proper treatment of sin, not through a mere resemblance which might recommend itself to the fancy, but through the law being an inspired interpretation of the truths of nature.

Ethel Lee.

BY E. W.

A MITE of a girl was Ethel Lee, as she nestled among the cushions of the chair. She was not especially pretty, and yet every one liked her; the admiration her winsome ways elicited was far more to be proud of than if people had raved over her sunny brown hair, and bright dark eyes.

But now she couldn't help giving a little sob of pain as she thought how handsome Tom Murray was, and how utterly indifferent he was to her—at least indifferent in a lover like sense. Then the thought of Evelyn Crill came over her—beautiful Evelyn, over whom Tom had seemed to have gone demented.

It was a pretty strong emotion for Ethel to cherish—positive hatred for Evelyn Crill, who, not being content with turning Tom's head topsy turvey, had actually won Ethel's brother as well—grave, stern, reticent Ed Lee, who had never cared for a woman before.

They knew they were rivals—Ed and Tom, but as yet were friends, for the reason that each was so confident of his own personal success, that he could afford to be magnanimous.

It came hardest upon Ethel, who, not personally knowing Miss Crill, could not judge of the delicacy and sweetness of her disposition; who, only having seen the portrait of her in an artist's gallery, formed an opinion grounded on natural womanly jealousy.

* * * * *

No one to have seen Evelyn Crill as she sat at her machine, stitching merrily away, on a wonderful combination of tucks, insertions, and edgings, would have blamed Ed Lee or Tom Murray, or anybody else, for having fallen in love with her.

She looked as queenly as self possessed, as haughtily cool, as radiantly fair in her simple dress as she did when she fairly glittered in silks and jewels, and Tom Murray, pausing as he passed the window, thought how perfect she was under all circumstances.

She was an odd girl, so different in manner, air, views from others as her dark violet eyes and her flossy gold hair differed from other people's ordinary blue and yellow.

She had diamonds that she seldom wore, and drove a little Shetland pony in a simple basket phaeton, when the splendid carriage horses and brougham stood idle days at a time.

A generous, brave, independent girl, whose eyes had learned to droop when they met her master's; whose heart throbbed if anybody mentioned his name, ever so casually; who had given all her fresh, young love into the keeping of—was it Tom or Ed?

This morning when Tom looked in, his fair face full of the honest admiration he felt, Evelyn raised her cool, placid eyes and smiled.

"Oh, Mr. Murray, how very fortunate! I was hoping for an opportunity of seeing you and asking you a favor. Will you grant it? It will not demand extraordinary effort on your part. I only want your autograph in my souvenir under an original verse."

She handed him an elegantly-bound book, smiling bewitchingly as she did so, while Tom's heart sunk to his boot soles as he promised his best.

"Mr. Lee has agreed to furnish me with a line or two of his own composition," she continued, "and then I shall have obtained all I care for. Please let me have my souvenir by eight to night at the latest, Mr. Murray, as Mr. Lee will need at least an hour or so, and I want the entire collection read at the 'literary *soiree*' this evening.

Tom said something, vaguely, about being most happy and highly honored, and walked down to his office very leisurely, wondering how to best express his sentiments, and yet veil them so that—and then it occurred to him that if everybody was to hear them read, sentiments wouldn't do.

What should he do? Was ever a fellow in such a fix?

He began to despise Lee because there was a poetical streak in his family.

It seemed to him like an inspiration, if there really was a "poetical streak" in the Lee family, of course little accommodating Ethel would be blessed with it as well as Ed. He would ask Ethel to help him. Dear little soul, she wouldn't refuse a fellow such a favor. He'd go down the first thing that evening.

* * * * *

Time—eight o'clock.

Place—The large, well-lighted library in Mr. Lee's delightful house

Persons—Ethel Lee, with flushed cheeks, listening to her brother Ed.

"You'll do it, sis, for my sake, won't you? It'll be all right, you know, in the end—'all's fair in love and war'—and I want the first chance, for I do think Evelyn will make such a delightful sister in-law. Come, now, promise me, there's a darling little girl."

He lifted Ethel's flushed face by the chin, and looked in her eyes.

"Will you?" he added. "If she really loves him, it won't hinder him from winning her, you know."

Ethel raised her eyes to his.

"Yes, I'll do it. For your sake, Ed," and in her own heart she added; 'and for my own. If I only could make him forget Evelyn Crill."

* * * * *

Ethel, leaning pensively on her elbows, with a lead pencil balanced in her fingers, as she gazed meditatively on the blank paper; and Tom Murray, laying off in the corner of the capacious sofa, watching Ethel's pretty face with anxious eyes.

She had no idea what a pretty picture she made; but Tom Murray had, and to his own astonishment, wondered why he had never before appreciated her quiet gentle ways.

"Now, don't bother me, Tom, if you expect this verse done by eight o clock, because Ed said he wanted it then. Do you want me to call her pet names, or tell her—you—you love her—or only—have you any idea of what you want?"

"Yes; your advice on the subject. What were you going to say when you paused at that 'only?' Tell me—only what?"

"It wasn't anything, except that it must be very pleasant to be loved—liked—admired so much as Miss Crill is. I wish I was as pretty as she."

"You pretty! You are as pretty as Miss Crill any day."

Ethel blushed vividly.

"Oh, Tom, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Let me have my pencil, or you can't have your poem by eight o'clock, and then Ed will walk in for the book, and Miss Crill will never forgive you. What shall I tell her? That you love her, or—"

Tom suddenly sprung to his feet, staring at the clock.

"Bless my heart, Ethel, if the confounded clock hasn't stopped. It's been twenty minutes past seven ever since I came here."

Ethel looked innocently at the pretty little timepiece.

"Why, so it has! Well, that is unfortunate for you. Oh, mercy!" and she took out her watch "if it isn't ten minutes past eight! And there's Ed! Oh, Tom, I am so sorry!"

Sure enough, there was Ed, radiant as a spring morning

"Oh, don't let me interrupt—only I ran in to say there's no need of my taking the souvenir at all. Miss Crill has kindly excused me, since our betrothal this evening. Congratulate me—Ethel, Tom."

Tom stared a moment, then caught a glance of Ethel's conscious, blushing face and wistful eyes; then sensibly thought if Evelyn loved Ed she'd have accepted him anyhow; then mastered the situation very creditably.

"Give us your hand, Ed. There, go back to Miss C., Ethel and I can excuse you. I'm taking lessons in poetry."

A slight lump in his throat for a second, a pang of keen disappointment, and the past was ended and the future began.

"You asked me if you should tell her I loved her? That's all up now, of course, and I don't see that I'm any worse off. I'm sure a fellow ought to feel glad to have a dear little girl like you for a confidant and a comforter, and you do pity me, don't you?"

"If I come to the conclusion you need it, which I have not yet."

She was radiant, pretty, and somehow so inexpressibly bewitching.

Tom looked at her long and earnestly, with a gradual lighting up of his countenance. Then, so abruptly that he startled her, he spoke:

"Ethel, don't pity me, but love me, will you? I never knew till this minute how really slight Miss Crill's hold on me was, nor how insensibly you have made yourself dear to me. I thought we were friends, but, Ethel, within five minutes I have learned the sweetest lesson of my life—thanks to Miss Crill's 'souvenir.'"

Could it be? Was it really so?

Ethel's heart gave a fearful leap clear to her throat, where the gold chain fluttered under the pulsations.

Tom loved her, and five minutes before she had been trying her best to get up some love rhymes for him for Evelyn Crill's acceptance.

"I confess I never thought of such a thing before to night, Ethel, but the respect, admiration, and regard I have felt for you ever since I knew you have been just the right sort of foundation for the love you have inspired of a sudden. Tell me Ethel, will you forgive me because I ever thought I cared for Evelyn Crill? Will you let me be your lover?"

And Ethel did not refuse either to forgive him, or to say "yes."

A Herkimer county, New York, man who has lost several thousand dollars by endorsing the paper of friends, recently went before a magistrate and solemnly swore that in future he would endorse no paper of pecuniary value. He carries a copy of the affidavit with him, and when approached on the subject of endorsing, he shows it to prove that he cannot endorse without perjury.

Our Young Folks.

DOWN IN THE MINE.

OUR Peter was no common dog. He belonged to us both, but my brother Dick was the one he took to the most.

Dick was a strange sort of boy; though there were only us two, and though on [illegible] we were very good friends yet I always felt that I could not understand Dick, for he was a little beyond me somehow. He was as fond of games as I was, but he was a [illegible] at home.

Peter had been with us a whole year, and had been so carefully trained that he was now quite a useful little spaniel, and father had promised that he would take him and us out shooting with him this September, if we would be very careful to keep out of the way of the guns, and leave Peter entirely to his direction. This, of course, we gladly promised to do.

How well I remember that day; I don't think I should ever forget it if I lived to be a hundred! It was a perfect September morning. Off went the dogs on the scent of the rabbits, Peter foremost amongst them, and crack went the guns of the sportsmen.

It was Peter's first field day and altogether he had behaved nobly.

Towards the end of the day, however when we were all flushed with success Peter, foremost in the chase and heedless of danger, heedless of all but the work set before him, had followed the scent of a rabbit to the very brink of a deep gulf, and while the poor creature he had started had fled in an opposite direction, had plunged headforemost into the black darkness of a disused mine!

I gave a bitter cry, and big boy though I was, I threw myself upon the heap of stones, and scalding tears forced themselves down my face.

Dick stood still, perfectly rigid, but his face was colorless and his lips were pressed firmly together, as I had seen them once or twice before in my life, when he had been making up his mind to a dangerous leap or [illegible].

The sight of this frightened me, and made me restrain my foolish weeping.

'Father,' I said, 'are you sure he is dead?'

'As sure as that I stand here, my boy. We could hear the poor little beast knock against the sides as he went down. He died in [illegible].'

But more than this we had the rest of the party [illegible], and by father's [illegible] we retraced our steps towards the Manor House. But oh! how everything had changed!

"I hate the sunshine," I said, petulantly, to Dick, as we entered the house. "I wish it would rain cats and dogs."

"Don't talk nonsense, Tommy," answered my brother; "I hope it will be a clear moonlight night."

What could Dick mean? I looked up in surprise but before I could ask he was gone.

That night my father was called away very suddenly from home and we were alone.

It was dull without father, and we were not sorry when bed-time came.

I was a very sound sleeper; so sound, indeed, that it was a joke against me. But to-night, somehow, I felt restless. Was it the wonderful moonlight, bright almost as day? Was it the grief about poor Peter? I would be dreaming that I was falling down the black hole with Peter, and awake with a start, only to turn on the other side and fall asleep again. And so it went on for a long time, till at last, weary of my wakings, I called to Dick, who occupied a bed in the same room near the door, to see if he were restless as myself. But no answer came.

Another nap and another start. I really must awaken Dick to keep me company.

"Hallo, Dick!" I cried out, "don't sleep so tremendously soundly. Can't you speak a word to a poor fellow who has been awake half the night?'

But no answer came from Dick's bed. I could not even hear him breathing. Suddenly, with an undefined dread of something amiss, I jumped out of my bed and strode across the moonlit room to Dick's quarters. What was my horror as I stood there shivering in my white night-shirt and with my bare feet, to find the bed empty—no vestige of Dick was there! What could have happened? He had got into bed when I had, and had lain so quiet directly that I concluded he had fallen asleep at once. I glanced at the chair by the bed-side where he always laid his clothes, and that too was empty!

What could it all mean?

Instantly I rushed to the room of Dennis, our [illegible] man, to see if he were there.

The room, too, was empty, and all of a sudden a wild thought struck me with the force of conviction. Dick had determined to go down himself and bring up Peter from that awful hole, and had enticed Dennis—Dennis who was a miner and understood the matter—to help him.

Instantly I determined to go after them. Down the back stairs I crept, and out at the back door, the bolts were all as usual. Dick must have got out one of the windows not to leave the house in any danger. Through the back yard I hurried to the mine.

Standing by the opening to the shaft, and carefully hauling up a rope, which was fastened to an iron bar laid across the mouth of the hole, was Dennis, our man. I could see the anxiety written on his face, and fearful lest any interruption might interfere with his work, I kept out of his sight till the end of the rope appeared, and a burden attached to it was landed beside him.

Then I could restrain myself no longer, and rushing forward, saw—not Dick, as I had hoped, safe amongst us once more—but the body of poor Peter, tied carefully to the piece of wood at the end of the rope with some of the string I knew Dick always carried in his pocket.

An exclamation of disappointment from Dennis brought me to myself. There was work to be done that needed all our energies; not a moment must be lost.

'Bless the boy!' exclaimed Dennis. 'Does he think a dead dog of more account than himself?'

"Dennis I will help you this time," said I, coming forward. "Oh! let us be quick!"

"No, my boy. I'm going to get a man to help me, Master Dick!" Dennis shouted down into the darkness. "Keep up a good heart; Master Tommy's watching over you."

And then he strode away and left me in my misery peering down into that impenetrable blackness, where my dear old Dick was hidden.

Just as I was getting in despair I heard a rustling among the leaves, and two men came into moonlight.

"Here they are, Dick," I shouted out. "We'll have you up in a twinkling."

"We must let down the rope with a big slip knot, and bid him put it over his head and under his arms," said Dennis. "It's a pity there's no one to tie him on, as he tied Peter."

'Couldn't you let me down first, Dennis?" I asked; "and then I could tie him fast."

"No, no, Master Tommy; you keep still. All will go right, please God; and if it don't it'll break my heart, and that's all about it!"

We were so engrossed in the preparation of the rope, that we did not notice a cloaked figure that came quietly out of the shadow, and stood in our midst.

'Now, then, Master Dick," shouted Dennis down the hole, "catch the rope, and slip it over your head and under your arms, and hold on like a man, and we'll have you up in a trice!"

Quickly the rope was lowered to the right depth, and then, after waiting a few minutes to give Dick time to adjust the loop, the two men began carefully to haul up the rope.

But only began, for no weight was attached to the other end, and carefully as Dennis was handling it the first pull sent him over on his back, and the loose rope came dangling up out of the pit.

That was an awful moment. We looked at one another in mute despair, when suddenly mother stepped forward to the mouth of the shaft, startling us with her unexpected appearance, and the calmness with which she spoke.

'Give me the rope Dennis," she said.

Dennis obeyed in silence. We all seemed stupefied, and watched mother in a sort of dumb amazement. She tied a bottle to the end of the rope and leaning as far as she could over the opening spoke to Dick in a clear and commanding tone.

"Dick," she said, "mother wants you; arouse yourself my boy!"

"Mother," said Dick's dreamy voice, "where are you? It's so dark I can't see."

'No, but I can; it's light up here. Make haste, Dick and catch the rope I am letting down; it has a bottle at the end. Pull out the stopper and drink and then slip the loop over your head and under your arms, and cling on above with all your strength."

There was a breathless pause, as mother herself lowered the rope which Dennis gave out to her, till our strained ears could hear the bottle knock against the rock.

"Now, Dick, make haste, my boy, draw out the stopper and drink! Be quick, or father will say you have left mother too long!"

Another pause, and then a feeble voice—"I'm coming, mother; all right!"

Then mother gently pulled at the rope, and feeling it resist her slight strength, ejaculated, "Thank God!" and left the rest of the work to Dennis and his mate.

Slowly and steadily they pulled till something dark appeared at the mouth of the shaft; and in another minute our precious Dick was lying on the greensward, with his head on mother's breast, and sobbing like a child.

* * * * *

The little mound we boys raised long ago has always been kept up, and the flowers are ever the best tended there. And the small block of granite which we, with Dennis' help, placed there for a headstone, still bears the inscription we cut upon it in our boyhood, when our grief was fresh upon us—

"HERE LIES PETER, THE BEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

"HE DIED IN DOING HIS DUTY."

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 844 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

PUZZLE SONG.

BY O. W. L.

(Air—"I Would Not Live Always.")

There is a certain puzzle fiend,—
From Maryland he came,—
Who, in the mystic fiend, has gleaned
A double share of fame.
Half, I conceit, is obsolete,—
It perished with "Old Joe"—oh—oh,—
So he Haddock come, a scion
From the neighborhood of Zion.
Post-haste, not long ago.

CHORUS:—Now let old fogies blow
From Maine to O-hi-O
He'll puzzle more than e'er before
Was heard of here below—oh—oh,—
In fields of mystic grain,
He'll lead a puzzle train.
Who would, methinks, have "stuck" the Sphinx
Ten thousand years ago.

He's slim, but not so VERY tall,
[illegible] his vest,
[illegible] features? Well—
[illegible]
Like Percy Vere [illegible],
His hair is not yet gray [illegible],
And he has "great expectations"
From his numerous relations,
In Philadelphia [illegible].

CHORUS:—So, posers don't delay,
But send to Cerebra—
Tions first a "sub," (Ay! There's the rub!)
Addressing it to J.—A.—Ha—
And when you send the "spons,"
Inclose a batch of "cons,"
"Got up" in style, and Wilk. will smile
Ten thousand times a day.

ANSWERS.

No. 215. "A noble deed is a step toward God."

No. 216.
C U L M
A L L E
L E A D
E M M A
D A A L

No. 217. LIVER-STONE.

No. 218.
G E N E R A L
E R O D E S
N O T E D
E D E N
R E D
A S
L

No. 219. PAYABLE.

No. 220.
M U D
D A R E D
M A R A C A N
T R A N S I T
D E C I D E D
D A T E D
N E D

No. 221. THE BLACK INDIES.

No. 222.
A
A S S
M U S K T
A U R O C H S
A S S O R T I N G
S E C T A R Y
T H I R D
S N Y
G

No. 223. PATRIOT.

No. 224.
B A S S O O N
P A S T O R S
F A S H A D E
H A T T E R S
R E S T O R E
P O R T E N T
R O B B E R S

No. 225. "Where did you come from baby dear?
Out of the everywhere—oh my ear.

Where did you get those eyes of blue?
You tell me and I'll tell you."

No. 226.
B
B A D
F A L E D
P A R A B O L
B A R E B O N E S
B A L A S A L A G A M
D E S O L A T E D
D O N A T O R
L E G E R
S A D

No. 227. NUMERICAL.

A [illegible] was I 4 2. Perchance
[illegible]
Behold in 1 5 6 the fair one whose
Of Arthur, King of Britain.

On some deserted isle to put ashore
Is one good definition
Of WHOLE. Another is—but there are more
Than two—excuse omission.
Rondout, N. Y. O. W. L.

No. 228. DIAGONAL SQUARE.

ACROSS:—1. A Swiss coin. 2. The golden oriole. 3. To die. 4. A verbal neuter noun. 5. A long cloak. 6. A fen.

DIAGONALS:—(Up, right to left beginning at the bottom.) 1. A consonant. 2. A Turkish arrow. 3. [illegible] 4. Initiated. 5. A [illegible] 6. The edge of a roof. 7. To surpass. 8. A city of [illegible]. 9. A consonant.

St. Joseph, Mo. WILD ROSE.

No. 229. CHARADE.

[illegible]
The FIRST portrays,
The last is to engage.
WHOLE, I must grant
Is but but a plant,
You'll solve this knot, if sage.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

No. 230. HALF SQUARE.

1. A plant. 2. A musical instrument. 3. Plunder. 4. To aid. 5. Languid of look. 6. A boy's nickname. 7. A letter.

ENCLOSED DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A capering. 3. Plunder. 4. A stake. 5. A letter.

Milton, Mass. DORE CHESTER.

No. 231. CROSSWORD.

In wherefore not in why,
In purchase not in buy,
In juiceless not in dry,
In explore not in pry,
In submit not in try,
In vanish not in fly,
In behold not in spy,
In lament not in cry,
In labor not in ply,
The answer will imply,
An answer or reply.

New York City. CZAR DEAN.

No. 232. HOUR GLASS.

1. Marks of dishonor. 2. A color. 3. The trunk of a statue. 4. An artificial manner. 5. A letter. 6. A surge. 7. A plant. 8. A genus of birds. 9. One of a group of scaly reptiles.

DIAGONALS:—A boat and a coarse sail.
CENTRALS:—The outer boundary of a body.

Columbus, Ohio. THE GENERAL.

No. 233. ANAGRAM.

"Tell the man the story fails;"
So I say to you below:
If your common sense prevails,
You will never do it though.

'Tis a romance oft commended
For its language rich and terse,
By a bard of genius splendid
Clothed in graceful English verse.

TELL THE MAN THE STORY FAILS.

New York City. LOCHINVAR.

No. 234. RHOMBOID.

ACROSS:—1. A mollusk. 2. A rope attached to a sail. 3. One of a certain sect. 4. A town in Russia. 5. A town in Spain. 6. To recover.

DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A river in Holland. 3. To affect with ecstasy. 4. A bearing. 5. A money of account. 6. To charm. 7. A fruit. 8. Grounds. 9. The altar. 10. A quadruped. 11. A letter.

Rondout, N. Y. JAVELIN.

No. 235. CHARADE.

The FIRST can never be first
But follows the first you will find.
The SECOND to lose is the worst
Misfortune that comes to mankind.
And now if the WHOLE of this puzzle you'd know,
Just read the few lines that are printed below,
And when to the end of the rhymes you have passed,
Pray don't wait a FIRST, but read it off at LAST.

Uncanny gifts to mortals given
By spirits of the night,
When tempests wail and earth is riven
By evil demons might,
The dread possessor of thy powers,
At gruesome, dark unholy hours,
Opes wide the Future's closed gate,
And reads as writ on fiery scrolls,
The destinies of human souls,
Engrossed upon the Book of Fate.

Or from the tomb at will can call
The sheeted spectres of the dead,
Grim shapes that e'en the brave appall
And fill their trembling frames with dread,
As pale they stand, with fear aghast
Until this awful vision's past.

New York City. TOM ASCAT.

No. 236. SQUARE.

1. A poetical name under which William Habington celebrated the praises of Lucia. 2. One who [illegible]. 3. A short jacket. 4. Articles made of a certain metal. 5. Vaults. 6. To rebuild. 7. Checks.

Bellalia, Mo. EX PEN.

No. 237. CRYPTOGRAPH.

HE IVY VENT VOOKT, "BUV "KIVE UBNYEVV,"
HE VYY "RUSONSYL," EX BEY JYXDY;
NEIGY, EOH UX BOXW SENUXY MLEVBLOBY.
VENT DLAMBRYLORV BUV OXVNYL HOUR.

Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 238. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Ballast on a railway. 3. Small pieces of money. 4. Pertaining to the inhabitants of a certain country. 5. Divided into two cells. 6. Colorless liquids. 7. A female making her first appearance on a stage. 8. Certain Greek proper names. 9. Raves. 10. A color. 11. A letter.

Ironton, Mo. T. A. R.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST CORRECT list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of May 24th were solved by A. Solver, Piewy Ann, Comet, Javelin, Hal Hazard, J. C. M., Gil Blas, Capt. Cuttle, Kos, Goose Quill, Dore Chester, Percy Vere.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Not [illegible]
2. A Solver - - - Kenton, Ohio.
3. Piewy Ann, - - [illegible], Ky.
4. Comet, - - - San Francisco, Cal.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

T. A. R.—Sketch. Vivandi, Czar Dean, and O. W. L.—Charade. The General—Square, three Diamonds, and two Diagonals. [illegible]—Charade and Diagonal. [illegible]—Square. O. Pheasure—Cryptograph and Diagonal. Dear Beginner—Diamond and Square. O. W. L.—Crossword. Jonathan—Charade. Jim Nasium—Cryptograph. O. W. L.—Square. Sparkle Paris—Two Charades. Ballou—[illegible]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALL OF YOU [illegible] and we would like to [illegible] but the [illegible] have so [illegible] that there is no space left.

THE SON'S FAREWELL.

BY C. O.

Mother—I leave thy dwelling
Thy counsel and thy care;
With grief my heart is swelling
No more in them to share;
Nor hear that sweet voice speaking
When hours of joy run high,
Nor meet that mild eye seeking
When sorrow's touch comes nigh.

Mother—I leave thy dwelling.
And the sweet hour of prayer;
With grief my heart is swelling
No more to meet thee there.
Thy faith and fervor, pleading
In unspent tones of love,
Perchance my soul are leading
To better hopes above.

Mother—I leave thy dwelling:
Oh! shall it be forever?
With grief my heart is swelling,
From thee—from thee—to sever.
Those arms, that now enfold me
So closely to thy heart,
Those eyes, that now behold me,
From all—from all—I part.

THE HOME OF A QUEEN.

THE State Apartments, as they are called, of Windsor Castle are as open to the public almost as Chatsworth. When the Court is absent from Windsor—an ample space of every year—any of her Majesty's subjects, by going through the mere form of calling at a stationer's shop and asking for a ticket, may view some of the finest rooms and nearly all the finest pictures in Windsor Castle. He may inspect the Waterloo Chamber, used as a dining-room for the members of the household, and admire its resemblance to the cabin of a ship, due, it is said, to the taste of His late Majesty King William IV.

If he be a connoisseur in furniture and decoration he may wonder at the wonderful Gouthier cabinet, and will go home to look upon his own with loathing and disgust. Superb wood-carving will challenge his admiration in the Presence Chamber, and after inspecting the Albert and St. George's chapels, and enjoying the splendid sylvan scenery from the windows, he will go into the outer air impressed with a conviction that he has seen a royal palace, which may, in many respects compare advantageously even with Fontainbleau. It is true that the latter is, from the practice of leaving many of the apartments untouched, almost a school of decorative art; but so far as pictures and rare pieces of furniture are concerned, the French palace is far inferior to English Windsor.

Yet he will not have seen the actual dwelling of the Sovereign of this realm; for there is a region beyond that brought under his ken into which he may not penetrate except as a guest of the Queen, or by express permission, very rarely granted.

If he be honored with an invitation to Windsor Castle he will be admirably bestowed; for, besides the magnificent apartments assigned to royal guests, there are snug quarters for those of lower but still distinguished rank. In no palace in Europe are more elegant and convenient rooms for guests of every degree than in Windsor Castle. They are, it is true, difficult to find; and the castle will become a still more agreeable place of sojourn than it is when some topographic genius has laid down a map of the inhabited part of it. At present it would be simply maddening, were there not pages always civil and eager to capture the hapless wayfarer who has lost himself in interminable corridors and worn out his patience in trying to find the right flight of stairs.

Beyond the spacious apartments assigned recently to the King and Queen of the Belgians and their suite are delightful rooms in the Round Tower and other portions of the earlier structure of the castle. Those usually occupied by the Crown Princess of Prussia are beautiful in the extreme, rich and snug at the same time, made warm and pleasant with glowing tapestry and retaining a deliciously habitable air. There are numerous many-angled rooms in this part of the castle, with windows deeply embayed in the thickness of the wall; apartments warm and comfortable in winter and all delightfully furnished and hung with paintings and engravings, rich and rare, quaint and curious.

For the most part the royal and guest apartments are cut off from the rest of the castle by the great corridor, which can only be approached through the hall in which sit the pages—the guides, in fact. This great corridor is one of the wonders of Windsor, and is yet so singularly constructed that its treasures can hardly be seen except on a very bright day. It is of immense length, but narrow. A day or two might be passed pleasantly in this corridor alone, although the side light is ill adapted for displaying the pictures. Beneath the pictures stand busts of celebrated persons, groups in bronze, and antique Oriental work.

Opening on the great corridor is a suit of drawing-rooms all luxuriously furnished. These rooms contain some of the best work of various kinds ever produced. The White Drawing-Room is entered through doors which close as exactly and noiselessly as those of a cabinet, and is decorated mainly in white and gold, fine carvings, heavily gilt, standing out from a white ground. This handsome room, looking from a great bay window over the Home Park, is not cumbered with furniture, but a couple of Gouthier cabinets in it could hardly be matched in Europe, Russia not excepted. The talk of Windsor assesses their value at $50,000, but their perfection, like that of the bronzes, the candelabra and other ornaments, passes description. Two of the pictures which adorn the walls of the White Drawing-Room represents the Queen and the late Prince Consort at the period of their wedding. There are in this room also fine pictures of Queen Charlotte in a red dress; of Frederick Prince of Wales, and of the present Prince of Wales as a child. Rich in mosaics and in magnificent porcelain, the White Drawing Room charms the eye, except when it is cast down on the rich velvet-pile carpet, designed in the atrocious taste of thirty or forty years ago, when people were made to walk on rose bushes and holly hocks, and a thousand gay colors stared upward from the floor.

Next to the little used White Drawing Room is the Green Drawing Room, with great panels of green-flowered satin let into the walls. The rich hangings and handsome furniture, even the superb fireplace of this central drawing-room, are lost sight of in the great wealth of Sevres contained in the various cabinets. Connoisseurs skilled in china have estimated the value of the contents of the Green Drawing-Room at $1 000 000; but this must be as rough an estimate as that of the famous gold plate, said to be worth millions and which certainly does weigh seven tons at the least. Beyond this drawing-room the Queen rarely goes, except on the occasion of a state dinner, when the Royal Dining-Room, in the Prince of Wales' Tower, is occupied. The Crimson Drawing-Room is generally occupied by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, and to eyes greedy of color is more attractive than either the green or white rooms.

Immediately beyond this crimson room is the Royal Dining-Room, only used on state occasions and capable of accommodating a large party of guests. Everything in this apartment is in the simplest possible style. Plain gilt mouldings and handsome rosewood form its only decoration. This, however, is not the dining room occupied daily by the Queen. At the other end of the corridor, just over the Queen's entrance to the castle, is an octagonal room, sober in tone and plain almost to the exaggeration of plainness in its decoration. Lined with oak, it contains only three objects of a pictorial character. Two of these are in Gobelins tapestry and represent the appetizing subject of a boar hunt. The third is of quite another character; it is a portrait of the Queen. It is the triumph of almost brutal realism. From the widow's cap to the clasped hands, it is a positive but unflattering likeness and preferred by her on that account above all other of her portraits. Not only is every feature painted in with its defects exaggerated, its harder lines intensified, but even the shade of complexion is strengthened. It might be said to be the portrait of a monarch painted by a republican. In this cruel piece of realism the Queen wears rather her stately than her ordinary look, but the position and painting of the hands are simply masterly. It is in this Oak-Room, or in her private sitting room overlooking the Long Walk, that the Queen gets through the routine work of her exalted position during her residence at Windsor. This Oak-Room is, like all the truly private apartments at Windsor, completely shut in from the more public part of the castle and can only be approached from the Grand Corridor.

Grains of Gold.

Abuse is an indirect species of homage.

What the key is to the watch, prayer is to our graces.

Just as much as we see in others, we have in ourselves.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home.

A page digested is better than a volume hurriedly read.

To render inevitable evil as light as possible is to be in reality what may be called both happy and wise.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.

The greatest proof of superiority is to bear with impertinence.

There are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage.

There can be no true thankfulness where there is no benevolence.

The art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and to endure much.

Whatever is obtained by deceit cheats no man so much as the getter.

The less we parade our misfortunes, the more sympathy we command.

Do not eat cherries with your superiors; they will blind you with the stones.

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

You should exchange calls with individuals before inviting them to your house.

Only letters to unmarried ladies and widows are addressed with their baptismal name.

Love can excuse anything except meanness; but meanness kills love and cripples natural affection.

The commencement and the decline of love may be recognized by the embarrassment we feel at finding ourselves alone with the beloved.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

People had much rather be thought to look ill than old; because it is possible to recover from sickness, but there is no recovering from age.

The rich who do nothing themselves, represent idleness as the greatest crime. They have reason; it is necessary that some one should do something.

That which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all.

When I consider how little difference there is in mankind (either in body or mind) I cannot help being astonished at the airs some people give themselves.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance should not think of being a man of business.

The ignorant and vulgar think that a man wants spirit, if he does not insult and triumph over them. This is a great mistake.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Each man and woman was sent into the world not to be like somebody else, but to do his own work and bear his own burden, precisely the one work which God has given him, and which can never be given to or done by any other.

Upon earth there can be no safe happiness. All things here are subject to time and mutability. We must go in eternity before we can be secure against change. The world upon which we close our eyes at night is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning.

The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well informed persons there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any one present—without submitting to act the part of a butt, or of that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

Choose ever the plainest road, it always answers best. For the same reason choose ever to do and try what is most just and direct. This conduct will save a thousand blushes and a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from secret torments which are the never-failing attendants of dissimulation.

Feminimities.

A wife in the house is worth two in the street.

Five thousand tons of candy are made in Boston annually.

A little knowledge may be dangerous, but a little widow is more so.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

Woman's silence although it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

"Cowelling" is the ugliest of words, but English girls substitute it for "embroidery."

It is impossible to make an angel of a young lady who persistently uses bad grammar.

A crusty bachelor's objection to ladies with beautiful teeth is that nine out of ten of them would laugh at a funeral.

The new sun umbrellas made for ladies' use give the strongest possible impression of being made from the hides of zebras.

It is asserted by a Georgia paper that a young lady in Wilkes county, that State, born blind, can distinguish colors by the touch.

Eve was the first and we reckon the only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

Tramps would be more numerous than ever were it not for the self-sacrificing woman of the land who marry and support so many more.

A wealthy Boston woman has started two kitchen gardens, in which young girls are to be taught housework by means of miniature furniture and utensils.

She threw a stick of wood at an old hen and killed two of the little chickens. Natural result of a woman throwing at anything; she always hits something else.

A fashionable woman at Vassar was asked by the classical professor for a definition of ambrosia. After some hesitation she replied, "I think it is a kind of hair oil."

The ladies of Monticello, Ind., want the Town Council to pass an ordinance compelling the saloon keepers to remove all blinds and screens from their windows.

Train up a daughter in the way she should go, and when she is grown up she will not depart by the way of the back window to be married to a worthless adventurer.

Said Miss Dotooart at the Art Museum: "Yes, I am so delighted, Chawles; and what a beautiful burst is that opposite?" Money couldn't force her into saying "bust."

The female teachers of public schools in New Orleans complain of receiving ungentlemanly treatment from the chivalric office-holders at the City Hall when they go to draw their salaries.

A handsome woman who has the qualities of an agreeable man is the most delicious society in the world. She unites the merit of both sexes. Caprice is in women the antidote to beauty.

A North Carolina moonshiner's wife recently walked thirty miles to intercede in court for her husband, who was on trial. She was accompanied by her seven children, the youngest being only four months old.

"Have you heard the news, my dear?" "No; what?" "That Diana and Florence have made up." "No; have they, though?" "Yes; each frankly admitted that the other was wrong, and perhaps she was, too, and now they are the best enemies in the world."

The Women's Debating Society at University College, London, has been very successful. It includes fifty members, and might have more did not its rules exclude all but those who have attended a course of lectures given in the college during one whole season.

Bloomington, Ill., has a female Superintendent of the schools. Under the lady's management the school work is said to have greatly improved. Parents have taken a new and strong interest in it, and the per cent. of tardiness has during the past year decreased amazingly.

An English journal, commenting on the annoyance with servant girls, describes America as a country "where the 'domestic service' difficulty assumes proportions as far beyond our little troubles of the same kind here in England as the volume of the Mississippi is beyond that of the Thames."

Miss Giggleguah has seen "Pinafore." Hear her—"I think it is real mean! You know they always have sea dogs on navy ships; but they didn't have any in the play, and I was so disappointed. To be sure, the sailormen kept saying, 'Our fancy Gyp's a beauty,' and I looked and looked, but I didn't see him, and I don't believe he was there either. I didn't like it one bit."

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures? Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home; this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

Esther Cox, the girl whose experiences from supposed spirits in Amherst, N. S., have at times excited considerable interest, is again possessed. While washing the other morning the clothes, she left the tub, moved swiftly across the room and struck the various inmates, and when she went into a neighboring store on an errand, a hatchet, shovel, tubs, iron spikes, a lamp of putty and a bag of salt took an apparent life and flew about with great velocity. The girl is not proud of these manifestations of interest on the part of the alleged spirits; on the contrary, she is constantly excited and fearful of personal injury.

These bright sunny mornings when the dew glistens on the neatly trimmed lawn, she daintily steps out of doors, and with the incomparable grace of loveliness grabs her dress skirts with one hand, and carefully, slowly walks with gingerly paces, looking intently on the green grass that bends submissive to the touch of her tiny feet, and when she has discovered and gleefully plucked the four-leaf clover of her hopes, she flits into the house, leaving on the retina of an unbiased observer a vision of fairy like beauty, that is only dispelled by the knowledge that she, alas! like all the rest, chews gum. Oh! the hollowness of all our earthly hopes!

Facetiæ.

Often above par—A bald head.

A seaside invocation—"Let us spray."

The occupant of a villa is not necessarily a villain.

What if Nebuchadnezzar did live on grass; men live on the turf now-a-days.

"Pinafore" doctors now cure a merry, merry cough with the boarhound and the tar.

Napoleon was called the gray-eyed man of destiny, but our African brother is the black side man of destiny.

A crust of bread with contentment therewith, is better than a dish of strawberry ice cream with a sore tooth.

A commercial advertisement for "a man to travel" was answered by a tramp. He said he was used to the business.

Good partners at cards—A chimney-sweep and a bugler. One to follow soot, and the other to trumpet, don't you see?"

An undertaker advertises that he has established a branch concern, which is in charge of "a live man who will please everybody."

The small boy may get chilled going in swimming, in these early days, but he gets warmed up when his mother finds his shirt on wrong side out.

A man never fully realizes to what extent he is dependent upon others until at the barber shop he has waited patiently for an hour and a half for his turn.

If there is one thing more than another that Spriggins regrets, it is that he didn't so marry that his golden wedding should come when gold was away up.

"Tom," said an acquaintance of his, who met him one evening, "who did you say our friend B married?" "Well, he married $40,000—I forget her other name."

An Irishman, who had on a very ragged coat, was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad! I don't know," says he; "I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

"Pride in a woman destroys all symmetry and grace," says a proverb. If this be true it occurs to us there's lots of symmetry and grace demolished every time a new spring bonnet comes up a church aisle.

A paper describes a young lady with hair "as black as a raven's." The ravens weren't wearing any hair to speak of last summer, but we suppose the style has changed this year.

The successful man works like a slave until he is forty, to make his fortune, and then watches it like a detective the rest of his life. All this is done for clothes and board.

There is no circus tent, howe'er much
watched and tended,
But needs some greater care;
There is no hole, however well defended,
But has a small boy there.

A gentleman who thought that the price asked for the ground-floor of a house was somewhat steep, told the janitor so. "Well, ye'es, perhaps it is high, but then there is an elevator."

One reason why Southern negroes have been rushing into Kansas, is because some one started the story that Kansas held camp-meetings every week in the year, and there was no charge for lemonade.

In Arabic it is called djiad. You can send a written order to the druggist for some in a bottle, giving the message to your little girl, and your wife will never suspect that it isn't some horrid medicine.

A child's logic is not to be sneered at. A little fellow in Connecticut, whose parents thought him too young to take to church, said: "You'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

A punster asks: "Could Socrates the girls? Could Bartholomew? Could Shakespeare an eel? Could Shylock a bank safe? Could Catiline his trousercloons? Could Amerigus? Could Livingstone a cat?"

We have a sympathetic spot in our heart for the poor man who rears a large family of children and was in the habit of telling them that they might make as much noise as they pleased if they would only keep quiet.

An African lion hunter contributes the following: How to catch lions. The desert is composed of sand and lions. Take a sieve and sift the desert; the lions will remain. These you place in a bag which you carry for the purpose.

Some persons have a great faculty for getting on in the world. The little shaver who stood at the foot of his class when we were schoolboys together, now proudly guards the left field in some crack base ball club, and is playing for a fielding average of .978.

Nothing can exceed in intensity the sickly pallor that o'erspreads the countenance of the young man when his girl lifts from his coat collar a long red hair, several shades lighter than her own, and transfixes him with a stony glare that demands instant explanation.

"'Tis said that absence conquers love," quoted a husband, in writing home to his wife, from whom he had been some time away. "I hope, dear, it won't be so in your case?" "O, no," she replied in her next letter, "the longer who stay away the better I shall like you."

"Once for all."—"In your long absence have you thought of me?" asked she, coyly. "Yes," replied he, provokingly, "once." "Only once?" inquired she, rising as if to depart. "Only once," repeated he, holding out his arms, "only once—all the time!" And she came right back.

The tramp's last dodge is to ask your advice about going to the next town, and when you warmly advise him to go, he says he has much confidence in your good judgment, and will emigrate further on at once. "But," he adds, "wouldn't you advise me to borrow ten cents before I start?"

"Julia," said Augustus, as they were looking over some shawls during the honeymoon, "why are these Cashmere shawls like deaf people?" Julia thought the idea was absurd, but Augustus enlightened her by saying: "These Cashmere shawls are like deaf people, because we can't make them here."

To every affliction there is a bright side, and you can always find something to be thankful for if you only look for it. "Doctor," said a lady patient, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes." The old gentleman adjusted his spectacles, and with a Socratic air replied, "I do not doubt it, my friend; but then you ought not to forget that you would suffer a great deal more without them."

New Publications.

The July number of Lippincott's Magazine, which opens the twenty-fourth volume, is notable for the thoroughly peculiar character, and the variety and beauty of the illustrations, as well as the excellence of the reading matter. The opening article, by Dr Felix L. Oswald, is the first of a series entitled "Summerland Sketches; or, Rambles in the Backwoods of Mexico and Central America," which promises to lead the reader into regions on this continent not described by any former traveler. The second article has for its subject "Stratford-on-the-Sound," a village of Connecticut, which must offer the very ideal of rural existence. For many readers the chief attraction of this number will be an article on Jefferson and Rip Van Winkle,—"At and After the Play." It is written by an intimate friend of the great actor, Mr. L. Clarke Davis, who has gathered from his own lips the chief material for this biography, and who gives an analysis, a loving portraiture of his character, and glimpses of his domestic life. The illustrations, besides exhibiting Rip in each act of the play, include a portrait of Jefferson seated in his studio, and views of his beautiful country-seat among the hills of the Passaic. The article by Thomas Hughes will have a particular interest for American readers, being an able defence of Franklin against the animadversions and prejudices still current in England. "A Swiss Patrician," by Arthur Venner, is the title of a very entertaining paper on Bonnetten, in his youth the friend of Voltaire, in his old age of Madame de Staël. Not less readable and vivid is the fifth chapter of Miss Porter's description of life in a Southern village; while the three chapters of Miss Olney's serial, "Through Winding Ways" lead up to a dramatic climax, which indicates that the end of the novel will be full of incident and striking situations. "Women's Husbands" has also continued piquancy and interest. Susan M. Day has a pathetic short story called "Telescopic Discoveries," and the "Monthly Gossip" is full of sparkling matter, including a description of "Society in Paris during the Last Season."

"Scribner's" for July contains its usual variety of attractions in illustrations and reading, opening with an interesting paper by J. Brandon Matthews descriptive of the American on the Stage, with nine character illustrations. Mary Hallock Foote—whose fine drawings have been a feature of Scribner's—contributes an illustrated short story entitled Farmer Barton's Concern. Herbert H. Smith continues his interesting sketches of Brazil, with illustrations by Champney. The concluding paper of Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe are of exceptional interest, and contains the Stuart portraits of Prince Jerome and Madame Bonaparte. Another attraction is an interesting paper on Summer Entomology by Edward A. Samuels, properly illustrated. The others contents are Evening, a poem by John Vance Cheney; The Water-Cure, a poem by Austin Dobson; The Sphinx, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Two Couples; a White and Yellow, by William M. Baker; Thomas Moore, a poem by Richard Henry Stoddard; American Museums of Art, by James Jackson Jarvis; The Metric Reform, by Frederic Brooks; The Whip-poor Will, by Henry S. Cornwell; Flowers for Song, by Thomas W. Parsons; Trinity Parish, by William H. Rideing; The Delusions of Clairvoyance, by George M. Beard; The Flooding of the Sahara, with map, by John T. Short; Edison's Inventions, The Carbon Button and its Offspring; The Confession, by Joel Benton; Topics of the Times, Home and Society, Culture and Progress; The World's Work, and Bric-a-brac.

The July number of Harper's Magazine is a worthy successor to the beautiful June number. The social gayeties of a fashionable seaside resort are presented in vivid colors in the leading article on Narragansett Pier, by Prof. Charles Carroll, with a number of striking illustrations by Reinhart. Howard Pyle's delightful and interesting gossip concerning life on the Eastern Shore is concluded in this number. The peach orchards of Delaware, cypress shingle-making in its Dismal Swamp, its sleepy old capital, and yachting along its coast, afford Mr. Pyle splendid opportunities for the use of his pencil as well as his pen; his pictures are novel and effective. William H. Rideing contributes a charming article on The Land o' Burns—Ayr and its neighborhood, with many beautiful illustrations. In remembrance of the Glorious Fourth, a spirited and exceedingly valuable narrative of The Storming of Stony Point, July 15 1779, with illustrations, is contributed by H. P. Johnston.

This number contains the first of a series of papers covering the fifty years of American Art from 1828 to 1878, by S. G. W. Benjamin. The paper is illustrated with remarkably fine productions of paintings by Huntington, Wier, Inman, Elliott, Grey, Baker, Le Clear, Mount, Cole, Durand, Kensett, G. L. Brown, and Mignot.

James T. Fields contributes a humorous poem, The Owl Critic, which is accompanied by two characteristic illustrations. There is another illustrated poem, of a more sentimental character, by S. R. M. Byers, entitled The Mowing; the picture, drawn by Fredericks and engraved by Wolf, is exquisitely beautiful.

The illustrated short story in this number is A Romance of Easthampton, by A. A. Hayes, Jr. It is a bright and well-told love-story. Henry James, Jr., contributes one of his very best short stories, The Diary of a Man of Fifty. Edward Everett Hale is the author of another short story, The Happy Island—conveying a bit of good-humored and wholesome satire. Miss Mulock's beautiful love-story, Young Mrs. Jardine, is continued.

E. P. Whipple contributes a very interesting paper, Recollections of Charles Sumner, containing much novel as well as entertaining anecdotical matter.

The editorial departments of the number supply a rich fund of entertaining and instructive matter concerning current social and literary topics.

Four million dollars is said to be invested in the lumber mills at Manistee, Mich. There are thirty-two mills in all, and they expect to saw this season 200,000,000 feet of lumber and 400,000,000 shingles.

What Will Compound Oxygen Cure?

Most remarkable cures have been made in Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chronic Debility, Paralysis, and in a large class of chronic and nervous diseases which have for years baffled the skill of our best physicians. Send for our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen." It will give you the amplest information and the most conclusive testimonials. Sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

News Notes.

An extensive lead mine has been discovered near Berne, Texas.

A man living in Henrietta, Texas, has domesticated four buffaloes.

Young English swells now carry canes topped with a little gold balls.

It is claimed that Paris green used on potato vines washes into streams and kills the fish.

American bridesmaids are beginning to adopt the English fashion of wearing hats or bonnets.

Charming summer toilettes are of white barege, trimmed with Breton lace and white satin bows.

An international exhibition of flowers is under discussion in England, to be held in London in 1880.

In Upper Arragon, Spain, the masons wet their mortar with wine, because it is not so scarce as water.

Fifteen general managers of railways in the United States have salaries of from $10,000 to $15,000 per year.

At the battle of Ginghilova it took on the average five men firing for an hour and a half to kill one Zulu.

Two hundred and forty statues for the decoration of the Hotel de Ville in Paris have been ordered at $800 each.

In parasol making in France woman's industry is predominant. Six or seven thousand are employed daily.

Effort is being made to provide a permanent exhibition building in Boston for the industrial products of New England.

The youngest of a Connecticut family of seventeen sons and daughters recently married the seventeenth child of a neighbor.

The Unitarian Church at Newburyport has celebrated the Lord's Supper as a purely spiritual rite, without material bread or wine.

The paint mine at Reno, Nev., comprises a ledge forty-two feet wide and of unknown depth. The material is said to mix well with oil.

The longest pine root on record has recently been dug up on a plantation a few miles from Savannah, Ga. It was 102 feet long.

The granddaughter of Burns is about to marry a Mr. David Wingate, who, like her grandfather, is a leading Scotch workingman poet.

A novel institution in the shape of a brigade of "lady dusters and charwomen for church duty" has been established at Aylesbury, England.

Father Nicholas Bjerring, pastor of the Greek Chapel, New York, has been the recipient of a menacing letter purporting to come from a Nihilist committee of that city.

A man at Salem, Mass., has had the suit of clothes he wore to the Centennial at Philadelphia sealed up in a tin box and deposited in an historical building to be opened in 1976.

Robert Whip, a Cleveland man, worth $200,000, has been fined $50 for buying a cow just dying with milk fever, and having it butchered to be retailed throughout the city.

The paper duty in France amounts to about 40 per cent. of the value of the paper used by newspapers, and this is why French newspapers as a rule are printed on bad paper.

The Czar, owing to his repressive policy is afraid to leave the palace at Livadia unattended, while the Czarevitch mixed freely with the people and is as popular as the Prince of Wales among the masses.

A gentleman in Copiah county, Miss., shipped his strawberry crop to Chicago and sold it for $10,000. He estimates that the money product of one acre in strawberries is equal to that of sixteen acres of cotton.

A pack of dogs at Highland, Va., recently attacked a flock of sheep at night and killed several of them, but on a second attack the following night the sheep came off victorious, killing six or eight of the dogs.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have begun to plant Virginia creepers on the hillsides along their tracks. The effect, it is thought, will add to the beauty of the scenery and tend to prevent landslides.

Square handkerchiefs of India mull, hemmed all around, and doubled over like little shawls, are now worn around the neck for street wear in the place of lace scarfs; they are drawn into folds and knotted loosely in front.

Mrs. Polk, the venerable widow of President Polk, thinks that the dust of all the dead Presidents should be removed to Washington, where, if gathered in one place, she thinks a suitable memorial to them could be erected.

George R. Reynolds, a bigamist, has been sentenced at Salt Lake City to two years' imprisonment and $500 fine. He is the first Mormon convicted of polygamy since the passage of the act in 1862. He will leave soon for the Detroit Penitentiary.

The Rev. James Burnham's marriage in Farmington, a year or two ago, caused comment because he was eighty-one years old, while the bride was young. A child was lately born to the pair, and its public baptism was a proud occasion for the aged father.

A gallant sergeant of the Marine Corps on board a United States vessel at Sitka, has wooed and won the "Little Buttercup" of that bleak region. She is the accomplished daughter of an Indian chief, and made the acquaintance of her future husband while peddling fresh fish to the crew.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters, and I recommend them to my people. —Methodist Clergyman.

Miss Maude Howe, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, took the character of Aspasia in some tableaux in Rome recently, at which the King and Queen of Italy were present. Ristori robed her, and Castellani lent her some almost priceless jewelry which he has just sold to the British Museum.

A sensation has been caused in London by the fact that Lady Molesworth has been honored with the company of the Princess of Wales at dinner. This is believed to be the first time that the Princess has accepted an invitation to dinner in London at the house of any lady of lower rank than a countess.

The Chinese Ambassador at the Berlin Court, Li-Fang-Pao, is famed among his countrymen as one of the most eminent among their learned men. He has not neglected the opportunities which his travels in Europe have afforded him of making himself acquainted with the details of Western civilization. Li-Fang-pao has been examining the remains of Grecian pottery of the Trojan and pre-Trojan period, and has made a valuable discovery. He proves that the vases found in Trojan territory and buried in excavations, dating from pre-Trojan ages, such as those referred to by Schliemann, are really of Chinese origin. On one of these vessels Li-Fang-pao finds an inscription to the effect that about 1,200 years before the Christian era, some enterprising individual had enclosed in the vase three pieces of muslin and despatched them for inspection. It seems, therefore, that this piece of pottery at all events, significantly records the fact of the commercial intercourse which existed so far back as the pre-Trojan era between the industrious natives of Cathay and the enterprising merchants of Asia Minor and Greece.

Another anecdote of the late Asa Otis, of New London, Conn., who left a million dollars for foreign missions, is as follows:—He was at one of the New London fish markets on the wharf, clad in his customary overalls, and, as ever, unassuming in his deportment, when the captain of a sinking vessel rushed ashore and, seizing Mr. Otis by the shoulder, shouted: "Say, old man, quick! Do you want a job?" Mr. Otis looked at him a little surprised and turned away, whereupon the persistent captain followed him up and again demanded:—"Say, don't you want a job to pump out my vessel?" As Mr. Otis remained silent the exasperated captain exclaimed:—"Well, old chap, if you're too lazy to work you will die in the poor house surer than thunder." The man in the overalls was then the owner of more than three million dollars.

There is a story that a wealthy Chicago merchant lately prevented the breaking of his will by calling his relatives about his deathbed and getting them to make affidavit before a notary that he was competent to make a will. After the funeral it was found that all the property was given to a lunatic asylum. Then the heirs tried to have the will set aside by swearing that, though sane at the last, in 1875, when the will was made, he was raving mad. Thereupon the executor produced a will exactly like the first except that it was signed and witnessed a few minutes before the oaths as to the testator's sanity were taken.

The matrimonial market in Chicago, according to the *Tribune* continues active, and during the past week 106 licenses to wed were issued. The principal demand was for maidens from eighteen to twenty-five, there being only a moderate call for widows or damsels who have not arrived at legal years of discretion. The percentage of unspellable names were less than usual, and but few aged men figured as prospective bridegrooms, although one gentleman of three score and ten took unto himself a wife of twenty-seven.

Garcia, the great gambler, is not dead, lives in Saratoga in great poverty, but with unshaken confidence in his star, and a wonderful plan by which he is going to win another fortune.

The Stomach Cannot be Freighted

With greater trash than a violent drastic purgative. True, such a medicine relieves constipation for the time, but at the expense of great injury to the intestinal canal, which it both inflames and weakens, thus unfitting it for the performance of its proper functions. Widely different is the action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a tonic aperient which produces effects prompt, indeed, but never violent and convulsing. The purity of its botanic ingredients, its unobjectionable flavor, its genial influence upon the mind, and the thoroughness of its remedial action in cases of constipation, liver complaint and dyspepsia, combine to render it a most desirable family specific. It increases both physical vigor and substance, tranquillizes and invigorates the nervous system, and gives an unwonted relish for the food. A wineglass three times daily is about the average dose.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*

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All orders should be addressed to the office of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

PEKINS are decidedly the order of the day, especially for light silk dresses, gauzes, and fancy woolen materials. It would seem that the longer these stripes remain in fashion the more in vogue they become. This proves that they are becoming, for no very unbecoming fashion remains long in favor with a real elegante. But to return to our pekins, one stripe is plain, and the other is brilliant; or one is thick, and the other is transparent. In gauze stripes, for instance, one is of transparent gauze, and the other of silk gauze or satin.

Gauze dresses will be worn on all occasions when muslin can be worn; as for instance, at summer watering places, at garden parties, carriage drives, the theatres, parties, etc.

Scarfs are also greatly in fashion, especially with panier costumes. They may be of the same material as the dress, or of white muslin, or embroidered silk, or cashmere. The Spanish scarf is another novelty; it is of black gauze, embossed with black velvet. It is worn tied in front, and combines the mantelet and scarf. Roman scarfs are also used as a gay carriage wrap for evening wear:

Dress has never before presented such artistic coloring and graceful designs. The Pompadour styles reign supreme for all dressy fabrics and simple wash material.

Toilettes for dinner and evening wear are generally made with a long train, the corsage is separate, and shaped into a long point in front, dividing the paniers which are puffed out on each side.

Mauve and scabions are still favorite colors, and the shade of wood violets, which has not been seen for a long time, may now frequently be met with, and has a very charming effect, especially at this time of year.

Flowers are more worn than ever; with outdoor costume the little bouquet is placed at the waist, or on the left side of the chest, and it is an economical and pretty fashion to wear none but the flowers in season.

For dinner and the theatre, no newer or prettier style has been introduced than the white fichu draped on the chest; those worn with open dresses are very long, and one of the two points is arranged as a half jabot reaching to the waist and turning a little towards the side. Other fichus, which are even prettier and more dressy than these, are rounded to form a short pelerine, and the long ends are crossed and loosely knotted together; they are made of tulle, embroidered with little flowers in silk of all colors. A novelty for evening parures is batiste, or net, of a tawny shade embroidered with gold. White lace is employed this season in ornamenting both light and dark costumes, black dresses are also trimmed with the new coral fringe which combines effectively with lace.

Among a number of lovely toilettes displayed lately by Mr. Wanamaker, the following may be mentioned:

The first of these is a charming garden costume of ruby-colored Indian mousseline de l'Inde; the long waistcoat in the Louis XV. style, and the trimmings of creamy lace; another of these dresses is of Alsace cretonne, plain and striped, or covered with small bouquets; the dress is of the figured material, and the plain cretonne if reserved for the pleatings and waistcoat. A more dressy toilette is composed of plain and embroidered pongee silk; the little bouquets worked on the material and the flounces are embroidered in bright, gay colors, and are employed for the waistcoat and paniers. A charming costume of plain and Pompadour foulard, has the waistcoat of plain material, striped with bands of Breton lace insertion. The jacket opens wide over this pretty waistcoat, and round the edge of the tunic is a wide bias band of plain foulard, striped with lace insertion. These toilettes are all accompanied by a scarf to match of the plain material, ornamented with lace; a Directoire chapeau of coarse straw, trimmed with flowers to correspond, and the costume is completed by a parasol of foulard, with bouquets or stripes across it.

Mr. Wanamaker displays a great variety of neck ruffs and plaitings just now. There is the "Henry IV." ruff, the "Pierrot" ruff, the "Carmago" ruff, and lastly, the "Sara Bernhardt" ruff, forming a thick ruching round the neck, and a plaiting of lace, forming collaret and jabot.

As a novelty, let me mention the new lace waistcoat, to be worn over high dresses and low dresses. It has a lace ruching round the neck. You can make this entirely of one piece of lace, or of lace insertions alternated with embroidered muslin or gauze. Whatever you make it, it is pretty, and will be found to be very convenient. It renders a high dress immediately elegant, and it takes off the ceremony of a low-necked dress. For instance, you do not quite know what to wear in answer to an invitation. You wear one of these white lace waistcoats (or even of black lace) over a low necked dress. If you see others in low necked dresses, you may take off the waistcoat if you please. If the rest of the company are in high dresses, you do not feel uncomfortably over-dressed. The new lace waistcoat, therefore, whether made in white or black, is a great success.

Dresses being now worn so open, chemisettes have taken the place of collars. These vary in form according to the shape of the dress, if it is square or if it is V. If square, the chemisette is square. Having your square foundation of muslin, you trim this round with a ruching o gauze ribbon, and to this you edge two rows of plaited lace. Round the interior of the square you edge a little tucker, which you draw in to the shape of the neck by a colored ribbon; on one side, a bouquet f flowers. When worn, the lace frills fall over the body of the dress and look very pretty.

Another style is a plaited and puffed plastron, with a lace ruching round the neck. In the centre of the ruching a row of narrow ribbon, with bow in front.

For an ordinary dress, cut square, the chemisette is of plaited muslin, and has a ruff of plaited muslin round the neck. With this a cravat may be worn round the neck under the frill, or a collar of black velvet embroidered in jet, and jet clasp in front.

For V bodies, if edged round with lace, an under lace plastron alone is required. This is made of puffings of muslin and lace insertions, with a row of lace round the top. If you have a pretty petticoat bodice, however, you do not need this plastron. I prefer the petticoat bodice. If the V is not edged round with lace, then you have a chemisette, forming long folds of muslin cut on the cross, and the outer one edged round with lace to rest on the neck.

Neck cravats are gigantic. They are more like scarfs than anything, and their bows are as large as the rest; they almost cover the whole front of the corsage when worn.

Fireside Chat.

PICTURE FRAME MAKING AND GILDING FOR AMATEURS.

IN few subjects has greater progress been made during the last quarter of a century than in the cultivation of decorative art. On all sides we meet with a growing appreciation of the beautiful. We are no longer satisfied with the plain and crude severity of style with which our forefathers were well content. Our furniture has become lighter and more graceful in form, while our internal decorations are richer and more harmonious in color, and evince a truer artistic feeling. Much of this improvement is doubtless due to the higher art education which ladies now receive, producing a cultivated taste which finds expression in a thousand forms of beauty which fair and skilful hands have called into being.

There is perhaps scarcely any branch of ornamentation to which ladies' artistic taste might be better or more agreeably directed than to moulding and gilding, and the beautiful objects which I have seen some fair amateurs produce leads me to believe that some practical hints upon this new branch of ladies' work may not prove uninteresting to the readers of THE POST.

The necessity for cheap production and the convenience of trade have rendered the two trades of moulding and gilding quite distinct professions; but, as the amateur would perhaps prefer that the whole operation should be his or her own handiwork, I will commence by a few hints upon the making of the frame itself. For this purpose there are "amateur frame-makers'" tool chests sold, containing all that an amateur would require to turn out a frame quite equal to those made by the professional workman.

There are various kinds of mouldings procurable, such as mouldings-in-the-white, wood mouldings, German mouldings, etc. These are generally sold in lengths of about twelve feet, and have to be cut into the necessary dimensions to make the frame. We will select that known as "mouldings-in-the-white," to be gilded when made up. In this a great variety of patterns can be obtained to suit the taste of the amateur. In these mouldings the ornamentation consists of "composition," moulded by machinery into various designs, and generally needs no attention from the frame maker before being put up into frames. Sometimes, however, the ornaments are defective, and then require reparation before being gilded. I will suppose that the frame to be made is to be ten inches by eight, inside measure, and that the mouldings are three inches wide. The lengths to be cut off for the four sides of the frame must, therefore, allow for the width of the mouldings beyond the inside measure of the frame. The inside measure of the frame must now be taken, very exactly, upon the inside or "sight" edge of the moulding, and the corners cut off carefully at an angle of forty-five degrees, sloping upwards to the outside of the moulding, so that the two bars, when joined, should together form a right angle. This is an operation requiring great exactness, as, if not perfectly true, the ends would leave an ugly gap when the four sides are joined, and the frame would, moreover, not be perfectly square. To avoid this, frame-makers employ an instrument technically called a "mitre block." It consists of a vice, which holds the side of the intended frame firmly, while the corners are being sawn off, the saw being guided to exactly the right angle by a slit cut through a block of wood, which is placed over the moulding at the spot where the end is to be sawn off. Sometimes amateurs get the frame maker of whom they buy the mouldings to mitre the sides of the frame, so that nothing remains but to put the four pieces together. Before this is done, however, it will be necessary to plane the right ends of the mouldings, so that they may fit tightly. The four sides being now ready to be united, they are placed together in a proper position. Four wooden corners are then taken, and placed over the corners of the frame. A strong string is now to be wound firmly several times round the outside of the frame passing over the corners, so as to keep the whole in position. To press the frame firmly together, small laps of wood should be inserted between the cords, and by carefully twisting them several times the pressure of the corners against the frame can be rendered as great as is required. The bars of the frame are now in the position they are to occupy when finished, and it can therefore at once be seen if any further paring need be given to the ends of the moulding, to make the corners fit perfectly. If all is now satisfactory, there remains nothing further to do but to glue the ends of the mouldings, and replace them in the same position, holding them in their places by means of the corners, and increasing the pressure by turning the string as before. When the glue has become solid, the string is unfastened, and to support and strengthen the frame a little plate of copper is sometimes screwed on to the back at the corners. The frame is now so far complete, but it will require ornamenting and gilding, and this is the most interesting part of the operation. As I observed before, the ornamentation is occasionally a little defective, or the rather fragile "composition" of which it is composed may have suffered while being put together, and it may be necessary here and there to restore some small ornament accidentally chipped off, so as to give symmetry and harmony to the whole. For this purpose "compo" is generally used; and for a receipt I give one I received from a frame-maker lately. Dissolve about six ounces of the best white resin in half a pint of raw linseed oil, and a pound of glue in a pint of water. The whole is allowed to boil gently in an earthen vessel for about twenty minutes, when a small piece of white wax, about the size of a walnut is added. When this is melted, the mixture is poured into some finely powdered whiting, and stirred in it till it becomes as thick as putty. This "compo" becomes very hard when cold, but when necessary it can easily be rendered as soft as before by suspending it on a piece of muslin over the steam of boiling water. In this condition it can readily be manipulated with the fingers and a palette knife, and, with a little care a broken flower or a leaf can easily be restored. Where, however, there is only a trifling reparation to be made, a small quantity of whitening and size, mixed to the same consistency, would be found quite as effective. The ornaments for the corners must next be attached. These can be procured ready made, and only require glueing into their places, the interstices between the frame and the ornament being filled up with "compo."

The frame should now be left for a time to become perfectly dry and hard. It is then to be dusted, and if necessary wiped with a damp sponge. It is next to be covered entirely over with a coat of whitening and parchment size, mixed in a saucer to the thickness of cream. This, when dry, must be very carefully polished with fine glass paper, when the frame has to receive a coat of burnish size, or "clay," and when dry a third coat of thin parchment size.

Finally, a mixture of boiled linseed oil and oil-gold size, must be laid on over the whole part to be gilded, care being taken that it lies very smoothly, or it will leave ugly ridges beneath the gold leaf. The work is now ready for gilding, but should be left for a few hours for the size to become nearly dry before the gold leaf is applied. This last operation is the most delicate of all, and requires some care, or a great waste of gold leaf may result. The gold must be be detached from the book by gently blowing it into a scoop of paper, to prevent it from being carried away by any chance draught of air. It is now carefully raised with a palette-knife and a gilder's "tip"—a kind of flat brush made expressly for this purpose—and laid upon an open book or a sheet of writing paper, where it is cut with a palette knife into a suitable shape for the object to be covered. It is raised from the book by breathing upon the "tip," and then laying it upon the gold leaf, which will adhere to it, and enable it to be carried to the work to be gilded. It is now placed upon the frame, to which it adheres. This operation is repeated till the frame is covered, when it will have to be gently pressed, but not rubbed, with a dabber, made of wash leather, care being taken not to rub off the gold. The whole is then to be carefully "dabbed" with a soft badger-brush, the object being to press the gold on to the size in those parts which the leather dabber could not reach. The frame should now be left for a few hours, carefully guarded from dust, when it receives a final coat of very thin clear size, and the work is complete.

A BUSINESS MAN WHO MUST SUCCEED.—The New York Weekly *Times*, of June 4, 1879, says: In several of the large cities of this country there are a few business men who, for many reasons have been kept constantly and familiarly before the people, men whose good names have not always been sufficient to protect them from business adversity, but have repeatedly assisted them to rise again from conditions of misfortune. Among these men Horace Waters, long identified with the music trade, is a conspicuous example. Horace Waters & Sons, on May 21, made an assignment for their creditors, owing to losses and heavy expenses. This course was adopted because Mr. Waters believed it more honorable to make an assignment while he could pay 100 cents on the dollar than to go on and be obliged at a later day to compromise with his creditors. He does not intend to let circumstances keep him down, but he has given up all his property to his creditors, and will while satisfying their demands, seek to retain the custom which he has acquired by 30 years of enterprise and fair dealing. He has made arrangements to act as agent for a person who has furnished capital to do a cash business. He will furnish for cash instruments of precisely the same quality hitherto sold by the firm of Horace Waters & Sons, selling them at a great reduction from former prices. To those who send their orders to him at 40 East 14th St., P. O Box 3330, he gives assurances that they will be cheerfully and faithfully executed, and that all who desire to make purchases may depend upon securing bargains. Mr. Waters has business experience and integrity, and with these and indomitable energy he will assuredly retain his old business friends, and speedily re-establish his affairs on a firm basis. Mr Waters has also signed over his private property to be held in reserve to meet any deficiencies.

JAPANESE SERMONS.—The Japanese are great sermon-hearers, even when heathen, and the sermons of some of their own priests are justly celebrated. To take an example or two only from the sermons I heard. Speaking of the impatience of the Christian under trial:—"Summer and winter are each hard to bear; but they are soon over, and we take them as they come. Let us also take trial as one of God's seasons, and believe that it is only for a season." Of faith and work:—"A hawk and a crow" (the two common birds, and the former the model of the Japanese kite) "a hawk and a crow, you know, can fly away, when they have two wings. And if one wing be maimed or shot off, the bird falls to the ground and cannot fly. We also have two wings on which we fly to heaven; the one is faith and the other works. But we can only fly thither with two; and if we try with one we fall to the ground, and flutter and crawl there like a maimed bird." Of the hopes of Heaven: "When you fly a kite," (a universal amusement in Japan), "if you tie the string to one place the kite will fall; if to another, it will rise a little way, and then flutter and begin to descend; but if to the right spot, it will soar into the sky. So, if we tie our hopes to anything earthly, they come to nothing, though they sometimes seem, by our affections and aspirations, to mount unsteadily for a little space; but when we tie them to Heaven, they soar into the sky, and dazzle us with the sunshine of God."

The so called "parallel roads" found in many parts of the world, but which are especially characteristic of Scandinavian coast scenery, are said by Dr. Lehmann to be due exclusively to breaker action.

The Catholic pupils of the Flint, Mich., Asylum for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, who were expelled for refusing to sing an English translation of Mozart's mass, have been reinstated by the trustees.

A five year old girl lost in Minnesota woods, had the good sense to hang bits of her dress on the bushes as she wandered, and these led to her discovery, after she had lived four days on wild onions.

Answers to Inquirers.

D. V., (Washington, D. C.)—We never before heard of the association.

GIPSY, (Hopkins, Ky.)—You cannot use anything of a permanent nature for the purpose.

F. W. L., (Schenectady, N. Y.)—We regret that we cannot give you the information you require.

TITLE, (Nelson, Va.)—By proving a clear title, you can recover the property in question in spite of any tax-sales.

M. A., (Monmouth, N. J.)—By all means write a full explanation of your conduct to the young lady at the earliest opportunity.

E. L., (Warren, N. J.)—Yes, there could be no impropriety in your doing so. You can give the invitation with perfect propriety.

ETTIE, (Lazerne, Pa.)—It is always the lady's place to bow first, although when well acquainted, the strict etiquette of the thing is not kept up.

CHAIN, (Lee, Ark.)—Wash the gold chain in warm soap and water, and if very dirty, boil it in soap-suds for a minute or two, and polish with dry leather.

VACATE, (Brown, Ohio.)—Flowers of sulphur is the correct word. When sulphur is sublimed, it appears in the condensing chambers in clusters, or flowers, as the old chemists have it.

A. F. S., (Richmond, Ind.)—You may ascertain all that is necessary concerning the requirements for entrance to Harvard College, by addressing a letter to the Secretary of the Faculty.

EUCHRE, (West Phila., Pa.)—Cards were invented in France about the year 1390, to amuse Charles VI., during the intervals of a melancholy disorder, which finally brought him to his grave.

T. G. H., (Bay City, Mich.)—Assert your innocence to her, "on the word and honor of a gentleman." There is nothing else in the matter, unless you can discover the guilty writer.

FLAT, (Bradford, Pa.)—Tobacco was first discovered at St. Domingo, in the year 1496, and was used freely by the Spaniards, in Yucatan, in 1520. It was introduced into England in 1565, by Sir John Hawkins.

J. L. S., (Phila., Pa.)—You might use a decoction of strong coffee to stain your face, but a more permanent "tan" would be secured by exposing yourself frequently to the sun. As to dyes of any kind you had better not use them.

BAIRD, (Fall River, Mass.)—The Pope's tiara, anciently called regnum, is said to be symbolical of the wearer's temporal authority. Originally it was a high round cap, but Boniface VIII. encompassed it with a crown. Benedict XII. added a second, and John XXIII. a third.

L. M. H., (Oswego, N. Y.)—We think your handwriting is hardly bold or firm enough for the purposes you mention. It is clear, and easily read, but wants ease and character. If you desire to become a copyist, we would recommend some months constant practice with good business models.

MONCKTON, (Norwood, Va.)—The letters K. C. B., after the name of Sir Joseph Porter in "Pinafore," mean that he is a Knight Commander of the Bath, one of the earliest and most exclusive of the English noble societies. The other branches of this society are Knights of the Grand Cross, G. C. B. and Companion C. B.

IGNORANCE, (Grangeville, Cal.)—The best form for an engagement ring for persons in moderate circumstances is one of plain gold with initials of the lady and gentleman engraved inside, besides the date of the presentation, or engagement. No inscription, either from the Latin or any other language, is in such good taste as the simple initials with the date.

P. L. R., (Suffolk, N. Y.)—Our knowledge of the cause of consumption is still obscure. A hereditary influence undoubtedly enters often into the causation; persons whose parents, or grandparents, having been consumptive being more likely to be afflicted with the complaint than others. Statistics show that the disease prevails especially among persons whose occupations involve a sedentary life, and confinement within doors.

B. B., (Fountain, Ind.)—Base ball is considered by the English as an elaboration of "rounders," and by Americans as a development of "town ball." It is, however, noticed in a letter written by the famous Lady Hervey, in 1748, wherein she describes how the family of Frederic, Prince of Wales, were amusing themselves by playing base ball—a game known by nearly everyone.

EDGAR, (Logan, Ill.)—We gather from what you say that the young lady in question is romantic, impressionable, gushing, and of a jealous nature. Without doubt she has been imposed upon by thoughtless or malicious persons. Your best course, we think, is to let the matter drop altogether, and when you seek the society of women, try to avoid those who are not influenced by every breath of opinion, or scandal, that may be blown about by the gossips of the neighborhood.

UNFORTUNATE, (New York, N. Y.)—A wife separated from her husband by mutual consent, and desiring to be reconciled, should ask of some mutual friend if reconciliation be possible. She would not be justified in addressing any communication directly. Such a course would break the agreement, and endanger everything. The position is a difficult one, and calls for great prudence and watchfulness; more particularly is this necessary, as the wife is left with the care of a little girl.

CLAUDE, (Flint, Mich.)—The habit of fainting is, like other essentially morbid and deplorable habits, contracted under the influence of a depraved moral and physical tone. Parents should treat it very seriously, and by the judicious administration of aperients and tonics, given with medical advice as to the particular needs of the individual case, arrest it at the outset. A girl who faints at will must be seriously out of health, and is not a fit associate for other young persons. She should be kept wholly apart until cured of the malady.

CLARICE, (Salem, N. J.)—The pretence of Platonic affection between persons who could marry, but do not choose to do so, although they desire to live in companionship is a myth and a snare. The sentiment described is not at the present moment a fully developed feeling. The compassion may ripen into regard. "Pity" is often the first step to love. The case narrated proves a thing. The imperfect self-knowledge of a young woman of twenty-five years cannot reverse the experience of ages. Platonic affection is a name for a sentiment which has no permanent existence.

P. G. J., (Phila., Pa.)—The matter is one that belongs to casuistry. Sir Walter Scott in several letters yet extant did deny most emphatically that he was the author of "Waverly." This, however, may be thus explained: Scott had not succeeded as a poet; he therefore embarked in prose anonymously, and wrote Waverly. Then came the Scotch novels, as they were called, by the author of Waverly, and the mystery helped the sale. Everybody wondered who this prolific author was who poured out so many novels. He was called the "Great Unknown," and books were written to prove who he was, one proving that it was Walter Scott because the author did not quote Walter Scott. Therefore Sir Scott quoted himself. When taxed with being the author, he persistently denied it, and justified himself thus: It was his business, and not any one else's; his secret was none of theirs; it could do them no good, and no harm. Why should he tell them? His most intimate friends knew the secret from the beginning, and kept it. In Heber's presentation copy of Waverly, Scott wrote, "Dinna blab."

SOPHIE, (Camden, N. J.)—There are many like you who would like to know how to avoid becoming flushed after walking, dancing or eating. All we can say is, that what is called "flushing" generally results from relaxation of the vessels beneath the surface of the skin. The redness produced by exertion is the consequence of a quickened and more bounding pulse-wave; that which follows eating is partly due to the same cause, and, in some measure perhaps to difficult digestion. The latter cause should be looked to. The only remedy we can suggest for the "flushing" produced by exercise is to reduce the influence of the disturbing force by accustoming the circulation to daily exertion. If it is an unusual effort to walk briskly, the effect will be marked; if the body is trained to healthy activity, the impression made on the nervous system, which controls the heart and the blood vessels, will not be so great. Bleeding, and violent measures of all kinds, are out of the question. If the "flushing" is very great, it may proceed from a special condition of the heart, and betokens the need of caution. Better consult a medical man, who will at once determine if the organs are healthy.